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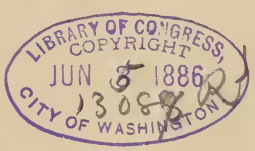
THE ATHEISM OF THE HEART

AND

OTHER SERMONS

BY
J. E. RANKIN



BOSTON
D. LOTHROP AND CO., FRANKLIN ST.
NEW YORK
H. E. SIMMONS, 150 NASSAU ST.

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SERMONS.

I.

THE ATHEISM OF THE HEART.

PSALM XIV: 1. "The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God."

With the Hebrew, the idea of wisdom included virtue and piety. A man who was not virtuous and pious was a fool. The Hebrew word here rendered fool means a simpleton, an imbecile; a moral simpleton, a moral imbecile. For the Hebrew had other words for the folly of the idiot and the madman. This title does not relate to a man's mental capacity, but to the moral use he makes of it. And, in this sense, the more a man knows without knowing God, the greater fool he is. With the Hebrew, every man was gauged by his estimate of God. And if he said there was no God, it was the surest test that could be applied to him: denying God he betrayed himself to be a fool. It fixed him as a moral simpleton, an imbecile; not weak as we say, in his upper story, meaning the brain, but weak in the moral foundations of his nature; where, if there is weakness, it affects the whole structure.

This bandying about of opprobrious epithets in the Bible is not pleasant to us. The Bible is a book of the

greatest courtesy. It is courteous to a creature of God to tell him the truth This is the only book which always tells the truth. This is one unanswerable argument for its divinity. God is a God of truth. Man's utterances vary with circumstances; according to his interest. The Psalmist said, "I said in my haste, all men are liars!" In his haste, he said just what he thought. He knew himself, he knew other men, and he blurted it out. Here is a book written by sixty different men, hundreds of years apart, in which there is no man who figures as a liar. Adam is an apostate; Moses is not permitted to enter the promised land; David is guilty of the blood of Uriah; Judas betrays Christ; Peter and all the rest deny Him. But writing their own biography, there is not a liar among them. They nothing extenuate; and set down naught in malice. The writers of the Bible all tell the truth. They all tell the truth about themselves; record what is to their own discredit. Robert Burns writes,

> "But, Oh, mankind is unco weak,
> And little to be trusted;
> If self the wav'ring balance shake,
> It's rarely right adjusted."

Robert Burns knew humanity. The writers of the Bible were not left to themselves. The balance of the writers of the Bible was always right adjusted. There was a Hand which kept self from shaking the balance. They never used false weights. If it had been in them to falsify about anything, it would have been about themselves; not about miracles and wonders wrought by Jehovah; by the Man Christ Jesus. There has never been any other truthful biography than that of the Bible. If the personal

history of the great heroes of the Bible had been written by uninspired men, if it had been revised by a Publishing Committee of the American Tract Society, or the Congregational Publishing Society, the blots and blemishes of their character would have been omitted, for fear of injuring the sale of the book, or the moral influence of it. The Bible is the only book in the world that has ever dared to speak the whole truth.

"The fool has said in his heart, there is no God."

THE ATHEISM OF THE HEART.

This shall be the subject of this morning's discussion.

I. What is Atheism? It is godlessness. It does not sound so well in English as it does in Greek. An Atheist is a without-God man! The Atheist has thought God out of his head; hated him out of his heart. I have the Bible for it: "God is not in all his thoughts." "The carnal mind is enmity against God." The agnostic is an atheistic polywog in the process of evolution into atheistic frogship. Now, he wiggles his tail in self-complacent unconsciousness; soon he will sit upon a log and croak: There is no God! Now he knows not whether there be any God; soon he will know there is no God.

Godlessness is just the opposite of godliness. It is on the negative side of the unit. Godliness is likeness to God. A man cannot be like God without believing in God; without having God in his thoughts, and in his heart; without having God as a moral standard. One of the proofs that there is a God, is man's need of such a Being as a moral standard; as an ideal with which to compare himself; toward which to struggle upward; his need of such a Being as a rewarder of them that dili-

gently seek Him. The Saviour says, "Be ye also perfect, as your Father in Heaven is perfect." God is perfection. And Jesus said to the Jews: "He that hath seen me, hath seen the Father." Suppose now we get rid of God as the Creator. Matter we will say is eternal. Out of matter in its primordial forms, first were evolved the worlds; and then the animals and men that people the worlds. Prove it all, as it never was proved, or can be proved. Does that make me an atheist? No, let the worlds go. The instant I reach the level of moral consciousness, I want a God and Father for my own sake. You say, "The worlds do not need a Creator;" I say, "I need a Father." I want a perfect Being to call my Father; to take my cue from; to worship; to commune with; to imitate; to hope in; to have fellowship with here and in Heaven. It is a necessity of human nature. The finite must need the Infinite. God has made me to look up. If there is nothing there, why did He make me so?

There is nothing perfect in this world. The geometrician never draws a perfect line, a perfect curve, a perfect angle. The architect never puts up a perfect structure. St. Peter's Dome is only an approach to perfection. The merchant never gives exact measure; has no exact standard of measurement for his goods. The tailor never makes an exact fit; nor the dressmaker. The judge never pronounces a sentence strictly and exactly just. The painter never makes a perfect picture. The drawing of the geometrician, the building of the architect, the measure of the merchant, the coat of the tailor, the dress of the dressmaker, the picture of the painter, the decision of the judge; these things are only relatively perfect;

they are perfect, so to speak, as things go. We go through the world, classifying things as good or bad; as true or false; as just or unjust; as orderly or disorderly; as beautiful or ugly; as perfect or imperfect. What do we mean? God has made us so, that we conceive of an ideal standard of excellence in everything; and with this standard we compare everything. It is so with our own character and conduct; how comes it so?

Is there a difference between right and wrong? My conscience tells me that there is. I look at this act which conscience condemns to-day. It condemns it to-morrow; next week, next year; in America, in England, in India, in Africa. Go all round the world with it; look at it, wherever you please. It is always the same. I know that if I should fall asleep, and sleep for eternal ages, the moment I should wake, I should see it unchanged. There is something within me, higher than I am; better than I am; wiser than I am; confined to no period, to no latitude, to no customs or laws of man, that judges my actions. Like a lightning flash I have an intuition that is irreversible. I can not argue it down; I can not drown it; I can not wash it out; I can not sweeten it. The materialist tells me that this comes from my physical conditions; that it springs from my diet; that if I eat fish, there is one result; more phosphorus on the brain; that if I eat fowl, another result, less phosphorus; that the brain works automatically.

Study the working of conscience in Hamlet's uncle and Lady Macbeth; the first has killed his brother and married his brother's wife; the second has stirred up her husband to murder his king, and sits with the usurper on the throne. Why do these great tragedies so lay hold of

our attention, so rivet our souls; have such fascination for us, if conscience is nothing? if conscience stands for nothing? if there is nothing back of it? It is only an illustration of the truth, that as face answers to face in water, so the heart of man to man. Shakespeare has only held the mirror up to Nature! You know, that made as you are made, I know that made as I am made, having committed these crimes, we should feel just as the great Dramatist represents these people to feel. For the moment, it is with us as though these intuitions of conscience, this restlessness and remorse of theirs were our own; because they are so human. As we read, we are Hamlet's uncle, we are Lady Macbeth. He turns this electric light of his genius into our souls; given certain moral and spiritual conditions there. Were not this the case, we should laugh at him. If there were no eternal law of right and wrong within us, we should look upon Hamlet and Macbeth as puppets; like a higher order of Punch and Judy; just as we look upon the automatic action of some artificial device to amuse children. Wind up this machine, and here we have the colored preacher holding his book in one hand, and gesticulating with the other; or, here we have the clog-dance of old plantation times. But these men and women of Shakespeare are realities.

Atheism takes away the perfect standard which man needs in morals; to which his conscience points him. Who has made man so, that when Hamlet's uncle poisons his own brother, and weds his widow, this is the language of his soul?

> "O, my offence is rank, it smells to Heav'n:
> It hath the primal eldest curse upon it,

"A brother's murder! Pray can I not,
Though inclination be as sharp as t'will.
My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent;
And like a man to double business bound,
I stand in pause, where I shall first begin,
And both neglect."

Who has made man so, that when Lady Macbeth has instigated her husband to commit murder after murder, she can not sleep? If this is the automatic action of machines, who made the machines? A murder shuts up Heaven to a man who would pray. A murder destroys the possibility of sleep. If we are made so, who made us so?

There is nothing more clearly distinguished than the cerebral action in animals and men. How can you evolve moral sense from material sense? When a man runs away with a horse, you arrest him, try him, convict him, sentence him. When a horse runs away with a man, who thinks of taking the horse before a magistrate, and getting judgment against him? But if they are alike material, why should you not? But if it were true, and could be demonstrated that I have come up from protoplasm, through all the forms of the lower animals; up slowly and painfully through *æon* upon *æon* of evolution, out of material chaos and midnight through twilight to morning, until, at last, I discern the difference between evil and good; until at last, I see men as trees walking; I feel a weight upon my soul when I have done wrong; a stain there which I would have washed away, then my soul from its veriest depths cries out for God; I want a Deliverer; I want a Helper; I want a Father and Friend. The feeling of responsibility to a higher law within my own bosom; a law which I approve, but do not always

obey ; this indicates to me that there is a moral government in the Universe, and I am out of relations with it.

II. The first atheism of our nature is always the atheism of the heart. First, I persuade myself that I do not want any such government as God's government ; that I do not want any such Being as God is; then I try to convince myself that there is no such government, no such Being. There never would have been any atheism, if there had not been an apostasy. There is no atheism without an apostasy ; there is no atheist, who is not an apostate. If man were as God made him, and as God would have him, it would be just as natural for him to believe in God, as to breathe ; in every breath of his is proof that there is a God. In God's hand man's breath is ; the breath of the atheist is ; of the being who can not find God in all the universe. God is just as near to him in his material nature as that. The atheist is like an old lady with her spectacles perched up on her brow, who is rummaging all over the house to find them. God is everywhere, but he can not find Him.

If God is a Spirit and man is a spirit, the first recognition they should make of each other, is spiritual. God is nearer to man as a Father, than He is to him as a Creator. God is not outside in the material universe, as He is in the spirit of every being made in His image. You do not need to look out the window to find God ; He is in his holy temple, the soul of man. Of course, you can get outside of yourself, and find evidence of God there ; but the first evidence is within. God is a Father, and you are a child ; this is just as true as the statement : God is a Creator, and you are a creature. We have got to come to this. When we apply scientific methods to

spiritual things, we have got to take the testimony of those who are spiritual, as to spiritual things. I can not see what the Astronomer sees in his telescope. I have not been trained to study the heavens as he does. I take his testimony. I can not see what the microscopist sees in his microscope. He sees Nature weaving her delicate tissues into the web of organic life. I take his testimony. Those who deny the Divine Nature of tbe Lord Jesus Christ, do yet admit that as Shakespeare and Milton had intellectual genius, He had moral genius; the power of intuitive discernment, as to spiritual things. He teaches that he had communion with God; and that God always answered Him in prayer, because He always pleased Him; that He came to do the will of the Father; that He did the will of the Father; that He was conscious of the Father's approval. Now, why not take His testimony just as you take the testimony of Newton and Laplace as to material facts? It is not scientific for you men who claim that men should listen to your disclosures of what you see with your material organs, and your material instruments, either to withhold your credit from these statements of Jesus of Nazareth, or to ask for material proofs that they were facts, because you have no observation of them. The Bible claims that spiritual things are spiritually discerned; that the man who has an obedient spirit has his spiritual organs open; and that the man who has a disobedient spirit has them shut. I cited the testimony of the Lord Jesus Christ as to spiritual intercommunication with the Father, as to the fact of them. Now, I intend to go farther. I have already called your attention to this fact: That so far as their own faults and sins are concerned, the writers of the Bible were

truthful men. They recorded their own awful apostasy from their Master. One of them tells us how Peter not only betrayed Him, but began to curse and to swear that he did not know the Man. Materialists and infidels would hardly be willing to be as frank as to themselves. Now these men, the followers of this Jesus of Nazareth, give the same testimony, as does their Master, as to their communion with God in prayer; as to the reality of the spiritual world. They have been succeeded by generation after generation of men, and women, and children, who testify to the same thing. As spirit is more real than matter; as spirit has more direct access to spirit through spirit than through matter, I claim that the only scientific treatment of this testimony, is to admit its validity! Facts as to what is discovered in the scientific world are substantiated only by the testimony of just such men as these. Sir Isaac Newton published to the world the fact, that every ray of white light is made up of seven distinct rays of different colors. Experimenting with the solar system, he had discovered this. But, he also, discovered evidence that there is a God, and wrote in defence of this fact also. When he came to die in his ripe old age, he had deserved the couplet of Pope:

> "Nature and her works lay hid in night:
> God said, Let Newton be! and all was light."

But he had also merited what was written in Latin on his tombstone in Westminster Abbey: "An industrious, sagacious and faithful interpreter of the Sacred Scriptures. In his philosophy he vindicated the greatness of the Supreme Being; in his life, the simplicity of the Gospel."

But perhaps, you say, "We can verify scientific facts. We can analyze a ray of light for ourselves. We can not

verify spiritual facts." There is just where you are mistaken. Spiritual facts lie about us from our birth to our death. Enoch walked with God, and had this testimony, that with him God was well pleased. You and I can walk with God and have the same testimony. The same kind of walk will please Him as pleased Him in the days of the patriarchs. And I venture the assertion, that so prevalent in this country, and in all Christian countries, is a type of piety, similar in kind if not in degree to that of Enoch, that there is not a materialist living, who has not seen, say, in his father, or mother, his wife, or in some revered teacher or friend, such evidence of genuine piety, that he has said over and over again in his life, "If there is such a thing as a Christian in modern times, that man, that woman is a Christian." Scientific facts are not verified without fulfilling scientific conditions. Spiritual truth is nearer level to an humble man's apprehension than any other truth. When Sir Isaac Newton studies geometrical propositions, they seem to him much as axioms seem to you and me. They do not need domonstrations; they are intuitions. We are not on a level with him. When he discusses higher mathematics, we can no longer follow him in his princely flight. We can fly from tree to tree; he strikes out boldly Heavenward. We can not verify his results in infinitessimal analysis. Newton and Leibnitz had some personal difference as to who first invented some of those higher methods of mathematical calculation. But how many mathematicians would be competent to sit in judgment on such a question and determine it?

What the Saviour as Son of Man claimed for Himself, He claimed for His disciples, in proportion as they are

like Him : namely, indwelling in God ; communion with God ; God's society ; God's approval. Just as the scientific method in material things requires the fulfillment of scientific conditions in order to the knowledge of material facts, so the scientific method in spiritual things requires the fulfillment of spiritual conditions, in order to a knowledge of spiritual facts. There are certain physical natures that never could make good microscopists. "But the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God, neither can he know them, for they are spiritually discerned." Spiritual things are discerned through the spirit ; intellectual things through the intellect ; material things through the material senses. Whatever the nature of the object, there is an organ of appropriation adapted to it. Now the advantage which spiritual truths have over other truths, which can be apprehended only by the highest intellectual qualities, and after severe mathematical training, is that they are level to the humblest of God's creatures. "The wayfaring man though a fool shall not err therein." The Lord Jesus told His countrymen, that men should come from the East and the West, and the North and the South, and sit down in the kingdom of God, while they themselves should be thrust out. So we may say, They shall come from the hamlets, and cottages, and hovels ; they shall come from the Sunday Schools, and the Mission Schools ; they shall come from the Nurseries of our children, and sit down in the kingdom of God ; while the men who were wise in their own conceit ; the men who insisted that God is to be apprehended only through the outward senses and the intellectual faculties ; the men from the laboratories

and the libraries, who never looked higher, shall be thrust out.

III. Atheism of the heart is always followed by atheism of the head. If a man has no room for God in his spiritual nature, he has no room for Him in his intellectual nature. Crowd God out of your heart, and out of your life, and you will soon crowd Him out of your head; out of your thought. Or, at any rate, that will be the tendency and danger.

Of course, I believe that belief in God may be approached from without; that you can prove that there is a God from Nature; from design in Nature; that He has written His autograph in the gold letters of the skies; that He has stereotyped His footprints in the rocks; and that the man, who, on examining an invention, and seeing design in it, infers an inventor, has been purposely so made by Him, that from the works of Nature and design in the works of Nature, he must infer a Creator; and that he stultifies himself, and is a witness against himself when he refuses the same conclusion in the two cases. We who examine human inventions and issue human patents, giving the maker his right in the thing made, will at last, stand before the Supreme Inventor, and answer Him, why we denied Him a patent. It is true, a man says, "With regard to the creation of a world, I have no experience. But with regard to the invention of machinery, I have experience. I know, from observation, that a machine does not come into existence of itself." Well, whether it be an original principle of your nature, as I believe, or whether you have been taught it by observation, you admit that it is now a principle, as the Bible phrases it, that "every house is builded by some

man." If you see a jackknife, you know it had a maker, without looking on the blade to see if there is any name there; to see Rogers' cutlery, proves Rogers. But you come to a steam-engine. You have seen a jackknife made, but not a steam-engine. This thing, you say, must have evolved itself out of the dust in iron mines. You say you must now see a steam-engine made in order to believe that it had a maker. Every new thing made, must prove itself to be made. I say, Once admit the principle, that the existence of a house requires us to believe that this house had a builder; the existence of a thing made, requires us to believe that it had a maker, and you are bound to apply it in every department where a thing made shows design; shows forethought and providence. You cannot stop short of it without stultifying yourself. And the higher up in the grade of mechanism you rise, the more complicated the mechanism, the stronger the argument.

But except for the sake of argument, most men do not approach the proof of the being of a God, from the side of Nature. They carry it in their inward mechanism; in their own consciousness. Just think of it a moment; it is a startling thing; that He who spake as never man spake, does not use the arguments employed by modern theologians, or even by the Apostles themselves. He does not condescend to use them. He adopts a more direct method. He spake as one who had authority. He showed His commission. He who needs no search-warrant to find us out, always assumes that man knows in his own heart, that there is a God. He never tries to prove it; this Man, with a genius for moral intuitions. It is true, He is addressing a nation which has been ac-

quainted with God for generations ; whose sacred writings read : "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth his handiwork." But he does not talk to them about living, and moving, and having their being in God ; about God's giving men rain from heaven, and fruitful seasons, and filling their hearts with food and gladness. This is not the witness to which he alludes. He does not talk to them about God's eternal power and godhead, as they may be inferred from the things that are made. His address is always spiritual, never intellectual. He turns the light of His talk upon what is central in our nature. The stronghold of the great Teacher of God's truth, is the spirit of man. Study His methods and you will find it so. Why should the Being who sees man's thoughts as he thinks them ; who watches the ebb and flow of man's emotions as they move within him, just as a watchmaker, when he springs open your chronometer, sees every movement of every wheel there ; who knows that when a man thinks atheism and talks atheism, the trouble is within ; down in his spiritual nature, and not in his brain which does the thinking, or in his tongue, which speaks it ; why should He take an indirect method, when the direct is the shorter, and surer, and mightier ?

If there ever was an apostasy ; if men are out of relations to God ; if they are alienated from Him, and have a way of their own, which is contrary to His way for them, this thing we should expect, that they would try not to believe in a God ; they would try to think Him out of the Universe. Their wish would be father to their thought. It is a great deal easier to believe in a God than not to believe in Him. It takes a mighty effort

for a thinking man, who is honest, not to believe in God. I do not know of anything more natural, more in harmony with our best thoughts of the best Being of whom we can conceive, than that He should send His Son here to show us how we may be forgiven; and how we ought to live; to reveal to us a hereafter. Given the facts of Revelation as to God and to man, I think the most natural thing in the world, is the Incarnation and all that belongs to it. I remember that Professor Park, of Andover, used to say of the Atonement, that if Socrates could have known of it, he would have rushed to his disciples with the words: Eureka! Eureka! I have found it! I have found it!

Backsliding and apostasy from God inevitably affect a man's belief. Because, what a man believes to be true, if he is honest, he applies to himself. If it is true that only the pure in heart can see God, it is also true, that only the pure in heart want to believe in a God. I mean, in the God of the Bible; a Being, omniscient, omnipresent, and who will bring into account every deed done here in the body. I have seen it illustrated over and over again: the way in which apostasy from God in the heart produces apostasy in belief. Here, for example, is a young minister with every gift and grace for his office. He gets an auspicious settlement. For years, he is successful and useful. By and by, he begins to avoid preaching some of the fundamental truths of the Bible; then, it is whispered around among his brethren, that in his own secret bosom he does not believe them. Then, finally, under some sort of a cloud, he quietly withdraws from the work of the ministry, and in due time, passes away from this world to his account. To you, who knew him in his

earlier days; who saw what there was in his best possibilities, this has always been a mystery. But to those who know that from the very first of his career, he practiced the vice of taking alcoholic stimulants; that he depended upon them in his studies, and in his public labors; it has all been clear enough. And let any public teacher begin to abate from this truth, and to shade off from that, and to reject a third, and nine cases in ten, you will find that there is some reason in his own heart and life which makes denial of these doctrines congenial to him. I think if the Psalmist had written a psalm during the time of the slumber of his conscience in sin, it would hardly have begun with the lines: "O Lord, thou hast searched me and known me;" even if he never indulged in the thought that, perhaps, there were "no God!"

IV. Atheism of the heart is to be cured in the heart, and not in the head. A heart which denies that there is a God, cannot be cured by arguments addressed to the head. The heart keeps on arguing, after the head is vanquished. Goldsmith's schoolmaster was like the heart of many a man of modern times.

> "In arguing, too, the parson owned his skill,
> For, e'en though vanquished, he could argue still."

The other day, when Joseph Cook was asked how to deal with a skeptic, his answer was, "Pray with him." It was not a new idea; but there is great wisdom in it. It is not merely the value of the prayer, as a request proffered and answered, that enters into the case. There is a God; and that God has written His name: "I am that I am!" on the tablets of that young man's spirit. Prayer will help him to read it there. If you can pray, as you

ought, he will feel the sense of God's presence. As a Creator, the being of God is not self-evidencing. We are made so, that it is natural for us to infer it. But as a Father, as the Father of our spirits, the being of a God is self-evidencing. The spirit of man cannot be brought face to face with the Spirit of God, without the child's recognizing God's fatherhood. If a man will listen to the crying out of his own soul for a Father; if a man will listen to the voices within him, which speak to him of moral perfection; which speak of rewards and punishments; if a man will open his spirit to God as a Spirit, he will surely cry, "Abba, Father!"

The reading of books addressed to the intellect, will always be helpful to sincere minds, anxious to know the intellectual arguments which are urged for the truth. But, if a man is conscious in his inmost soul, that if there be a God, he is bound, instantly, to become a different man; to think different thoughts; to have different motives; to cleanse his heart of what evil things the Lord Jesus says proceed from the heart, and he is not willing to make a sincere effort to secure these spiritual conditions, all the arguments in the world will not convince him. There is no argument in the Universe, to convince an atheist in the head who is also an atheist in the heart. In the treatment of atheism of the heart, we are to remember God's own description of it: "That it is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked." The atheist deceives himself. He comes to you, and tells you how he deplores the necessity which is on him, of withdrawing from Christian ordinances and from Christian people. He regards it a great sacrifice, but honesty and manliness compel

him to make it. But he has ceased to believe in such things. Why, honesty and manliness would lead him to seek in his own spirit those conditions which were never fulfilled by a creature of God without God's so proving Himself to His spirit, that he was compelled to cry out with Thomas: "My Lord, and my God!" Do you think that God would ever prove Himself to a man's spirit, while that man was a profane man, a blasphemous man, an impure man, an intemperate man, a dishonest man, a prayerless and godless man? Only he can know God, who would be like Him.

In a recent sermon on *Being Alone With God*, George Macdonald has said: "The tumult of the day goes by, the pleasures of the evening pass, the 'good night' is said; as if we were preparing for our grave, we lay aside our garments in which we do the work of the day; we lay ourselves out straight in the bed, and there we lie; and God spreads the curtains of darkness around us, just that He may shut Himself in with His child. It is God and His child then; or God, and somebody else." But, it is just so in the hours of the day: It is God and His child; or God and somebody else. It is so all along through life. It is God and His child, or God and somebody else. And when death's night actually comes, and that which Macdonald so graphically describes as happening to us daily, happens to us for the last time; and what we have so often done for ourselves, other hands do for us; nay, only for what is left of us here: it will still be God and His child, or God and somebody else, as we go forth to unknown worlds. What the wise man has said in his head, what the fool has said in his heart will make no difference then.

No God? All Nature shudders at the word!
For by His pulse, her every pulse is stirred;
From central heart of fire, to peopled rim,
She breathes, and moves, and has her life in Him.

No God? His might upholds the mountains high,
That shoulder, Atlas-like, the vaulted sky;
No God? His kisses are the morning dew,
With which He greets the earth, each day, anew.

No God? His glance is in the mid-day beam,
Which kindles bright the ripples of the stream;
His great heart throbs in Ocean's solemn tide,
Where mighty navies, like child's playthings, ride.

No God? His breath is in the twilight breeze;
As once in Eden, walks He mid the trees;
The daisy, starring there earth's humblest sod;
The singing bird, alike are thoughts of God.

No God? The worlds on worlds above grow pale;
He kindled each; what if His light should fail?
No God? He calls them up the azure arch;
Around His throne, they make eternal march.

No God? And thou so marvelously made?
God's wisdom, love and skill, in all displayed?
Each perfect part, ah! and the perfect whole;
No God? And, yet, God's temple is thy soul?

No God? No God? What fate, alas, shall be,
No God? Poor, wretched fool, at length for thee;
His inward law defaced, defied, o'er grown,
Launched forth to meet this God denied alone?

II.

REVELATION OF THE FATHER.

JOHN XIV: 8, 9.—"Philip saith unto Him, show us the Father, and it sufficeth us. Jesus saith unto him, Have I been so long time with you, and yet hast thou not known me, Philip? He that hath seen me, hath seen the Father. And how sayest thou, then, show us the Father?"

There are those who try to make themselves believe that the moral greatness; that the supernatural attributes and works; what they are pleased to call the pretensions of the Man Christ Jesus, were an after thought of His disciples; like the after glow of the sun when it has set; that they came to be believed, only after He was no longer in the world; that He never had any such conception of Himself; that He never made any such claims for Himself. Just the contrary of this is true. Though He was in the world, and the world was made by Him, and the world knew Him not; though "He came unto His own, and His own received Him not;" yet His disciples never set a higher value upon Him after His death, than He did upon Himself while living. They came slowly to understand the dimensions of His words. Death indeed interpreted many things which He had spoken. Death always does. Christ's death was the key to His life; no man can understand His life, without looking at it in the light of His death.

The thing that Philip wanted, is the thing that we all want. We want the Father. We want to be shown the Father. That sufficeth us, and nothing else does. And here is where all human religions fail. They do not show us the Father; they can not show us the Father. The Father is not in them. The Father can not be found there. Brahmanism is a vast spiritual pantheism; God in all spirit, and yet God nowhere to be found. It finds nothing but God in the Universe. But He can not be worshipped because He is unknown. The moment we think we know Him, we have proof we know Him not. The only God of Buddhism is a man who has passed through endless transmigrations until he has reached the throne of the Universe; and we never can follow him unless we think ourselves into thought-dust; into non-entity, nothingness. In Confucianism a personal God is unknown. Worship is directed not to God, but to antiquity, to ancestors; to the dead, who have gone down into silence. In the Zend Avesta of the Persians, we have two gods engaged in an irrepressible conflict, like light and darkness in the world of Nature. And so we might go through the whole list, Egyptian, Grecian, Roman. In no religion of man can we find God the Father. But this Jesus of Nazareth says, "He that hath seen me, hath seen the Father." He is not only found, He is revealed; He is not only revealed, He is seen of men.

It is this

REVELATION OF THE FATHER

which Christ claims that He makes; nay, better, that He is, which I want you to study with me this morning.

I. I want to call your attention to this idea of fatherhood in God. It is the Christian idea. God is the

Father of man's spirit. How unlike the pagan idea of climbing up? God made man's body out of the dust; but He gave him a spiritual nature from His own. The first function was a creative one. The second was creative and paternal in one! When He breathed into man's nostrils the breath of life, and man became a living soul, God exercised toward man's spirit the paternal function. This is the very essence of fatherhood; to create a being in one's own likeness. We talk about the figurative language of the Bible. We talk about the anthropological methods of the Bible. But really, the Bible uses language literally, and we use it figuratively. The things of the Bible are the real things, and we compare them to things which are only shadows. The Saviour teaches us to pray, "Our Father which art in Heaven." Who ever had a father on earth who deserved to be called father as God does? God's fatherhood of man is the archetype; and the fatherhood of us who are fathers on earth, is the type. Jesus says of Himself, "I am that Bread of Life; I am that Bread which came down from Heaven." Which bread is the best entitled to be the archetype, the bread which is for the body; the bread which perisheth, for the body which perisheth, or the living Bread which feeds the deathless image of God? Well might Jesus say, "I am that Bread of Life." As compared with Him, what is this that we call the staff of life, on which we lean for three score years and ten? There is a staff of life on which the soul may lean forever.

The trouble with us in looking at spirritual things is, that we guage everything from the earth. We impart all the imperfections of our fatherhood to the fatherhood of God, and then say: "This is the true fatherhood; this

is the archetype. God will feel so, and so; God will do so, and so; because He is a Father, as we are fathers." God's fatherhood is perfect, and our fatherhood is imperfect. Whatever we see to be the fatherhood of God, that ought our fatherhood to be. What our fatherhood is, is no exact prophecy as to the fatherhood of God. I mean by this, that we can understand God not by bringing His fatherhood down to the level of our fatherhood; but by making our fatherhood a suggestion, an intimation, a hint as to what God's fatherhood is; remembering always, that He is infinite, and we are finite; that He is perfect, and we are imperfect; that He is holy and we are sinful. There are a great many people who are not filial to God's fatherhood, and therefore not in sympathy with it; who want to deduce that fatherhood from their own. Things must be equal to the same things before they can be equal to each other. You must be like God, before your fatherhood can be like God's fatherhood.

One of the most touching things in human fatherhood is the sense of inadequacy to all the wants which our children need to have supplied. We can feed them, and clothe them. We can teach them to speak and to walk. We can not meet all the demands of fatherhood to them. We are very imperfect patterns of fatherhood. We all have to tell our children, like the crawfish in the fable, not to walk as we walk. They are sick; the flush comes to their little cheeks; their little lips parch for want of inward, not outward moisture; there is such furnace heat within them; they wilt like little rose-buds; they die. How often they look up imploringly to us for relief. We have no relief for them. We want to save them, but we can not. They grow up to be young men; some infernal

appetite gets possession of them; fed by these licensed drinking-places out of which this Government gets one fifth of its revenue. Once our streets were red with the blood of the slave; so red, that only blood could wash it out; now they are red with the blood of the drunkard, and drunkard's wives and widows. We want to save them, but we can not. We are so limited in our powers; we are so involved in their weaknesses and miseries ourselves. Our fatherhood is a fatherhood of weaknesses and limitations; of time and sense; God's fatherhood is a fatherhood of the spirit; has to do with shaping and moulding the spirit into His own likeness; and has to do with the world where the spirit has its eternal home.

People sometimes want to know why, if the Bible is inspired, it does not reveal material truth, as well as moral and spiritual. It is answer enough, to say, that if material truth had been revealed, it would have resulted in the mental stagnation; in dwarfing the intellect, and retarding the progress of the human family. God sharpens the wits of His creatures on His problems in Nature; just as we sharpen a knife on a stone. This theory of evolution is only another whetstone. Besides, material truth can be discovered; moral and spiritual truth except so far as witnessed to us within, which is revelation, has to be revealed. And only the pure in heart can find it then. But the answer most appropriate in this connection, is this: Man may know all material truth and not recognize and be loyal to God's fatherhood; be just as much in the Arctic exile of unbelief, as though he knew nothing. For, knowing all material truth and not knowing God's fatherhood, he knows nothing yet as he ought to know it. God's fatherhood to him is the great secret

of the Universe. It is the science of all sciences. Therefore God has undertaken to make a revelation of this fatherhood in Jesus Christ His Son. And when humanity has recognized this secret, it will be prepared to put all things under its feet.

You remember those beautiful lines of Whittier, "The Prayer of Agassiz," at the opening of his scientific school on the island of Pennikese. After describing the scene and the circumstances the Poet goes on :

"Said the master to the youth : We have come in search of truth ;
Trying with uncertain keys, door by door of mysteries ;
We are reaching through His laws, to the garment-hem of Cause :
Him, the endless, unbegun, the unnamable, the one
Light of all our light the source ; life of life, and force of force :
As with fingers of the blind, we are groping here to find
What the hieroglyphics mean of the unseen in the seen ;
What the thought which underlies Nature's masking and disguise ;
What it is, that hides beneath blight and bloom, and birth and death ;
By past efforts unavailing, doubt and error, loss and failing,
Of our weakness made aware ; on the threshhold of our task,
Let us light and guidance ask ; let us pause in silent prayer."

Do you know that I think that to have discovered that God is, and that He can answer prayer ; that His secret is with them that fear Him ; and that in the study of material truth, the truest scientist is ready to put his hand into the hand of God, and say, "Father, lead on!" is a thing of greater dignity and worth ; a thing more acceptable to the Father of his spirit, than the richest scientific results of this man's magnificent life? What Longfellow wrote on his fiftieth birthday, has been the key of all his scientific studies :

"It was fifty years ago, in the pleasant month of May,
In the beautiful Pays de Vaud, a child in its cradle lay.
And Nature, the old nurse, took the child upon her knee,

Saying, 'Here is a story book, thy Father has written for thee.'
'Come wander with me,' she said, 'into regions yet untrod,
And read what is still yet unread in the manuscript of God.'"

The Bible holds steadfast to one idea: The revelation of God's fatherhood to the spirit of man; to man in his essential part. Said the Saviour, before leaving His disciples: "I will not leave you comfortless." It might have been translated, "I will not leave you orphans:" that is, comfortless, as to the fatherhood of God, for this is the source of all our discomfort. This is the great loss with the orphan; not that he has no friend, but that he has no father. And this war does, and this the sale of intoxicating liquor does: It makes children fatherless. And fatherless children are children who in losing a father have lost the hint which they need, as to God's fatherhood. You remember a father do you? The slaveholder's rebellion did not gather your father in the harvest of death, where men were mowed down like the grass, before you had learned to prattle his name? Your father has not been crushed by the whiskey Juggernaut, whose priests contribute one fifth of its revenue to the General Government, for the privilege of making little boys and girls fatherless. Well, thank God for that. Do you remember some one, great, strong, hearty; the man who earned your bread by the sweat of his brow; the man who brought home to you and your brothers and sisters, his arms full of good things; that cheered the heart of your mother, into whose lap you would all climb up together, and nestle like birds in a nest; who was as tender as he was strong and true; whose great heart all your successes gladdened; who saw you grow up to young manhood or womanhood, with a father's pride,

and when the time came for you to go forth to do battle for yourself, who amid the mingled sunshine and rain of his tears, sent you forth with a father's blessing and the blessing of Heaven; who was always ready with his counsel, and sympathy, and help, until the day when a shock went through you as though you had been shot, and you heard of his death; and you were fatherless! That was your father upon earth. You sprang from his loins. You bear his name. If you ever are anything, or do anything in the world, you owe it largely to him; it will be largely because you have been true to his aspirations for you.

Now Jesus takes all these home ideas and asks you to transfer them to God; to drop all that is imperfect and sinful, as Elijah did his earthly mantle when translated. What this father has been to you at his best in the lower sphere of time and sense, God is to you at His best in the higher sphere of things not seen and eternal. As to temporal things, your earthly father was wiser than you: as to spiritual things so is your Heavenly Father. This Bible is your Father's book. He has written here the wisest things, the most precious things, the sweetest things concerning you, which He ever thought. Open it anywhere, and you can see that He has never lost you out of His mind. If you are sinning against Him, He teaches you that sin is your worst enemy, and that He is ready to forgive you; that you can not go on in sin without doing the worst thing possible for yourself; without putting yourself under penalty of His most righteous laws; without grieving Him to the heart, because you banish yourself forever from his presence and His love. He is all the time working to gather you to His

heart as your earthly father used to do. If you have sought His forgiveness, how full His word is of promise to you! And when you go forth to duties or dangers, how He covers you with his wing!

II. There are certain characteractics of this fatherhood of God, as the Saviour has revealed it, which will repay us for a closer analysis.

1. I want you to notice, that it is the fatherhood of a spirit to a spirit. I have already suggested this: but it will bear unfolding. In the kingdom of Nature everything is material; in the kingdom of God everything is spiritual. God is honored by the material structure of a creation which obeys His material laws. When He made this earth, He said of it, "It is very good!" And He wrote His autograph under it. In His spiritual kingdom He is honored in the same way: by the obedience of spiritual laws. The word by which the Lord Jesus introduced Himself as the revealer of the Father, was this: "Sacrifice and offering thou wouldst not, but a body hast thou prepared me;" Then said I, "Lo, I Come! (in the volume of the Book it is written of me,) "I delight to do thy will, O God." The Father, then, is a Being with a will in reference to His children. He has prepared a body for us; earthly investiture in which we are spectacles to the angels. And when He finds a child of His in this earthly investiture who does His will, He says to him: "This is my beloved Son in whom I am well pleased!" He witnesses with his spirit, that he is born of God.

People sometimes come to a minister in trouble of mind, and say, "they want to become Christians; they know they never can be happy, unless they are Christians." Probe them a little, and you will find their pres-

ent uneasiness arises from the consciousness that they are about to do something wrong. They want to become Christians to get rid of their wretchedness; but they do not want to give up the wrong thing that makes them wretched. It is like taking a dead watch to a jeweller and telling him to put it in good running order without taking it to pieces and cleaning it. People go to the doctor, and say, "Get me well; but I must have my brandy every day, or my tobacco every day." Just so, they come to the minister, saying, "Make me a Christian, but I must do this thing, or that thing, which I know to be a dishonor to myself and a dishonor to God." There is no power in the Universe that can make such a person a Christian. As Christ has revealed Him, God is a spirit, and a Christian is one who has the spirit of Christ with reference to God's will; who says to the Father: "Sacrifice and offering thou wouldst not. But a body hast thou prepared me;" and who adds, "Lo, I come! I delight to do thy will, O God;" in a word, who uses this life as a convenience, an opportunity to do the will of God.

Says Carlyle in his Essay on Voltaire: "It is a high, solemn, almost awful thought for every individual man, that his earthly influence which has had a commencement, will never through all ages, were he the very meanest of us, have an end! What is done, is done; and has already blended itself with the boundless, everliving, everworking Universe; and will also, work there, for good or for evil, openly or secretly throughout all time. But the life of every man is as the well-spring of a stream, whose small beginnings are indeed, plain to all, but whose ulterior course and destination, as it winds

through the expanses of infinite years, only the Omniscient can discern. Will it mingle with neighboring rivulets, as a tributary, or receive them as a sovereign? Is it to be a nameless brook, and will its tiny waters, among millions of other brooks and rills increase the current of some world-river? Or, is it to be itself a Rhene or a Danau, whose goings forth are to the uttermost lands, its flood an everlasting boundary-line on the globe itself; the bulwark and highway of whole kingdoms and continents? We know not. Only, in either case, we know its path is to the great ocean; its waters, were they but a handful, are here; and can not be annihilated, or permently held back. As little can we prognosticate with any certainty the future influences from the present aspects of an individual. What was it to the Pharaohs of Egypt in that old era, if Jethro the Midianitish priest and grazier accepted the Hebrew outlaw as his herdsman? Yet the Pharaohs, with all their chariots of war are buried deep in the wrecks of time; and that Moses still lives, not among his own tribe only, but in the hearts and daily business of all civilized nations. Nay, to take an infinitely higher instance; who has ever forgotten those lines of Tacitus, inserted as a small transitory, altogether trifling circumstance in the history of such a potentate as Nero? To us, it is the most earnest, sad and sternly significant passage that we know to exist in writing: "To quiet this rumor—that he had fired the city himself—Nero charged with the crime and punished with the most unheard of severities, that class, hated for their general wickedness, whom the vulgar call Christian. The originator of that name was one Christ, who in the reign of Tiberius, suffered death by sentence of the Pro-

curator, Pontius Pilate. The baneful superstition thereby repressed for a time, again broke out, not only over Judea, the native soil of that mischief, but in the city also, where from every side all atrocious and abominable things collect and flourish. Tacitus was the wisest, most penetrating man of his generation; and to such depth, and no deeper, had he seen into this transaction; the most important that has occurred, or can occur in the annals of mankind."

The will of God, so far as His creatures are concerned, relates to character; relates to the purpose, the motive. The outward vocation which a man chooses, is a secondary thing, provided that in it, he seeks to do the will of God. Nero might have been a Christian, and so might Pontius Pilate. "God is a Spirit, and they that worship Him, must worship Him in spirit and in truth." It is just as true of service, as of worship. And when God says "Let us make a new creature on the earth; let us introduce a new individual; the thing for such a creature to do, is to put himself into spiritual communication with God, by asking the question, "Lord what wilt thou have me to do?" Thus his life becomes spiritual; not a mere outward thing, which when you have seen the outside, you know the whole of it. But a life in which pulses the heart-beat of the Father, because we seek to do His will among men. I do not regard that spiritual merely, which relates to prayer and worship. Prayer and worship help us to spirituality of life. We need them for spirituality of life. Moses was told to put his shoes off his feet, in presence ot the burning bush, because it was holy ground. It is holy ground everywhere. It is holy ground in your nursery, my Christian sister.

"Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings has God perfected praise." It is holy ground where we break our daily bread in presence of our children. It is holy ground, the pathway we take to our daily business. It is holy ground in your grocery store. It may be like the walk to Emmaus. It is holy ground wherever one who is the temple of the Holy Ghost may journey or abide. And whatever he does, he may make holy service. As George Herbert quaintly expresses it:

"Teach me, my God and king, in all things thee to see:
And what I do in anything, to do it as for thee.
All may of thee partake; nothing can be so mean
Which with this tincture, for thy sake, will not grow bright and clean.
A servant with this clause, makes drudgery divine:
Who sweeps a room, as for thy laws, makes that and the action fine."

If God's fatherhood is spiritual, our sonship must also be spiritual. A father who is a Spirit, will find His lineaments in the spirits of His sons. If we have no spiritual likeness to God, we have no likeness worthy of the name. I know it is the fashion of these days to trace every mental and spiritual process to the animal nature; and so to drive God out of His peculiar kingdom. But, I claim, that God wants us to use this material structure in which we walk about; this world, in which we find ourselves; our powers of speech and action; our accomplishments and accumulations; all that is outward; as the expression of that which is inward; and that only so far forth, as it is this expression, as it is spiritual, is it real in His sight.

2. I want you to notice, that as Jesus Christ has revealed the fatherhood of God, it is a fatherhood of truth. It is spiritual; it is inward; but it is, also truthful. If you do

not know the truth about a thing, you do not know anything about it.

Did you ever think of it, that truth is the light of the moral world? is the medium, and the only medium, in which we can see moral and spiritual things at all. Speculation gives no more light than a firefly. This moment, you think you have him, and the next moment, he is elsewhere. These men, who think they have some new light, which the Bible has not given, remind me of a boy with a firefly under a tumbler. You can not see his light, unless you put out all other light. And, when you wake up in the morning, and look at your prisoner, he is dead. The Saviour says of Himself, as the revealer of the Father: "I am the Light of the world!" The eye is the organ, by which we avail ourselves of the natural light of the world; but, the eye is not the light, and cannot furnish the light; and can see, only in the light which God furnishes. We have a spiritual organ, which corresponds to the eye; but, it furnishes no light. It can see in God's light. All God's children see in His light. They love His truth; they believe in His truth; they proclaim His truth. They are not, all the time, trying to prove His truth, untrue. The Saviour has Himself applied this test: "Every one that doeth evil, hateth the light; neither cometh to the light; lest his deeds should be reproved. But, he that doeth truth, cometh to the light, that his deeds may be made manifest that they are wrought in God." By light here, He means moral and spiritual truth. Truth, like light, not only reveals things; but reveals them in their relations. Indeed, knowing the relations of things, is the only way to know the things themselves. You get up suddenly in the

night. In your half-awake bewilderment, your hands strike against the door. There are three doors in the room. Which door is it? Unless you know which door it is, you cannot know where you are. The door may lead you into a wardrobe; into another room, upon the same level; or to the head of a stairway. It is not enough to know that you are at a door. Which door is it? You must know things in their relations, or you do not know them.

When Jesus comes here to reveal the Father, He comes to let in light upon your relations to the Father, and my relations to the Father. To tell me that there is an infinite Being, who is the Father of my spirit; and that He would have me love Him; does not reveal Him; unless I am also told His estimate of my relation to Him. The fatherhood of God is full of blessedness and promise, to the spirit that is filial. Fatherhood and sonship are complements: loving fatherhood, obedient sonship. I may stand, you may stand in the shadow of God's love: for, all true love casts a shadow. If love approves, by the same law it disapproves. When the sun is rising, it casts shadows westward; when it is setting, it casts shadows eastward. Falling on the very same objects, it casts shadows in opposite directions, because they have changed their relation to the sun. The sun has not changed. The earth has wheeled another half of her portion toward the sun, that it may be warmed in his rays. You remember what the Apostle James says about "the Father of lights, with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning." If it were possible for a man to keep changing his position on the earth, so that it should always be night where he was, it would be no fault of the sun. His dark-

ness would be because he was out of relations to the sun. If a man has not a recognition of God's fatherhood; it is because he is out of relations to God's fatherhood.

Jesus Christ reveals the Father in the light of His own earthly walk toward the Father. Let me know what kind of a son you have; and whether he please or displease you, I know you, from that son. Again and again, came the voice of God from the silences of Eternity: "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." And Jesus claimed for Himself, that He did always the things that pleased the Father. Now, if such a life as Jesus led here, pleases God, we know what kind of a Being God is, as a Father. "He that hath seen me, hath seen the Father." The fatherhood of God, as Jesus revealed it, is a fatherhood of truth.

Truth and sentiment are often two very different things: two very contrary and inconsistent things. Let us suppose, you have that great grief and burden and shame, that comes to the father of a son who is a slave to the habit of strong drink. Or let us suppose, my Christian sister, that such a man is your husband, and the father of your children. Do you know the difference between sentiment and truth? In the moments of his repentance, this man will lavish upon you all the endearments in the vocabulary. He is the most affectionate son; he is the most affectionate husband, in the whole human family. And, you? Why, your nature is angelic. This is sentiment. It is the tinselry of speech. Ah! if he loved you in truth, one tenthousandth part as much as he loves you in words, he would sooner pluck out his right eye, than grieve you again; he would sooner cut off his right arm! God wants truth, not sentiment; God wants deeds, not words.

We read in the Bible, that God dwells in light unapproachable, and full of glory. It is the light of truth. You know the fable of the housewife and the sun. She called the sun a filthy thing, because it revealed the kind of house-keeper she was. That is the trouble that many people have with God, as the Father of lights; as Jesus here reveals Him. There is not a man or woman living upon the face of the earth to-day, who, if willing to see themselves as God sees them, would not flee to his arms with the cry, "Father! Father!" They are flattering themselves, that God is too much like a weak, easy-going earthly father, to punish them: that sin is a kind of negative good, of which since God can bring good out of it, He will not call them to a very strict account! How about this Man Christ Jesus? Is this the kind of a Father, revealed by His sonship?

3. I want you to notice, that as Jesus Christ revealed the fatherhood of God, it is a fatherhood of love. "God is a spirit;" "God is light;" yes, and "God is love!"

God, as a Father, loves us in our likeness to Himself. He cannot love us in any other way. "God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him, should not perish, but have everlasting life." This is Christ's own statement of God's love. Faith in Jesus Christ, makes a new creature; fills this world with new creatures. That is an object worthy of the movement of God's heart of infinite love. Do you think that God's fatherhood leads Him to love you in your sinfulness? Dare you impute such love to Him? There is only one sinner in the world, that you love in his sins, and that is yourself. Every other person in the

world, you love for what in him seems to be lovely. That would be contrary to the truth of His nature. That would be contrary to the spirituality of His nature. That would be contrary to the love of His nature. He can not love that which is not lovely. He can not love that in another, which would be unlovely in Himself; which would have been unlovely in His Son, who came here to reveal Him; who did reveal Him. God loves us in spite of our sins. God loves in us, that which it is possible for us to be, in His Son, when redeemed from our sins.

We make the same havoc of the meaning of this word love, that we do of the word fatherhood. The word love with us, is something which shades off into weakness. I had almost said, that what we regard the aureola, the glory of human love, is weakness. How many a father there is, whose son would have been a great deal better off, not if he had loved him less, but if he had loved him more as God loves us: loved only what was best in him! David never would have cried out of the depths of a father's broken heart: "Would to God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son!" if he had loved in Absalom only that which God loved in him. David had a sentimental love for Absalom. He was proud of him, faults and all; sins and all! True, parental love, love that is worthy of the name of fatherhood, is love which approves only that which is worthy of approval.

Many a time, has a father thought, as, taking the mother's place, he has put his little son to bed at nightfall, hearing him recite his little prayer, of all the noble possibilities in his nature; when this filial, reverent spirit, so touching in its simplicity, shall have matured, and

developed into true manhood ; shall have been transferred to the Fatherhood of God. He looks at his own disjointed and inconstant life, and says to himself in prayer : " God grant that these little feet may never be such wanderers from Him as my feet have been ! God grant that what I now see, He intended me to be, may be realized in my son." These are truthful moments ; spiritual moments ; loving moments. Here is a fatherhood at its best ; like the Fatherhood of God. In that twilight hour, this father wants nothing for his son but what God wants ; approves nothing in his son, but what God approves. This is love ; not sentiment.

I want to dwell a little longer here, because here is where a great many people deceive themselves. They are counting upon God's love ; but God's love has expressed itself. Shall I not say God's love has done its utmost ? The love of God is a love which spares not itself ; a love which gives itself up for the sake of the lost. God has put His love into a fact ; into the fact which reveals it. It has done a deed, at which all the ages wonder ; at which all the ages in Eternity will wonder. The difference between love as a sentiment, and love as a principle, is precisely here. Love as a sentiment is never done with words. It talks, it sings, it preaches, it prays. Love, as a principle, is not satisfied with words. It must do something, sacrifice something, to express itself. It must put itself on record in a deed. It must give itself, if it can. Now, God has given Himself, to show His love ; to reveal His Fatherhood. It is not to put us upon a basis, where we can have a good time in this world ; to give us encouragement, that however we may live, because we have confessed Him here, it is to be

all right with us, hereafter. God wants His likeness in us. He wants Jesus Christ formed there, the hope of glory. This fatherhood of His, demands correspondence in our sonship: and it secures it, too. Ah! this fatherhood is the motive and encouragement to sonship. Such a Father as God is, deserves such a Son as our Elder Brother; such sons, as because of love to Him, are transformed into His likeness, and will be, at last, translated into His Kingdom.

Thou dost not know thy Father, God?
Senseless of Him, as some cold clod?
And this the issue of thy quest,
With Christ, so long thy Friend and Guest?
Show us the Father? What dost mean?
In Him, thou hast the Father seen.

The words He spake, the deeds He did,
In them, the Father's love was hid;
In Him, the Babe of woman born;
In Him, the Martyr crowned with thorn;
In Him, love's dying Sacrifice;
Thus does thy questlon get replies.

Godlike it was, to seek the earth;
Godlike, His humble name and birth;
Godlike it was to stoop and die;
Godlike His love's last agony;
Enigma still is God to thee?
In Christ, His Son, thou hast the key.

Earth's hieroglyphics, thou may'st spell;
Dumb as a sphynx, she cannot tell.
She wheels in space, her little hour;
She knows His Godhead and His pow'r:
Beneath the cross; when thou hast stood,
There hast thou seen God's Fatherhood.

III.

THE GOSPEL AFTER MAN, AND THE GOSPEL AFTER GOD.

GAL. I: 11 AND 12.—"I certify you, brethren, that the Gospel which was preached of me, was not after man; for, I neither received it of man, neither was I taught it; but, by the revelation of Jesus Christ."

There is no sacred writer, who is more careful to disclaim having any Gospel of his own, than the Apostle Paul. He is an ambassador of God, with God's overtures to deliver; nothing more, nothing less. Holding the same relation to the New Dispensation, that Moses did to the Old; as great, in a greater kingdom; the moulding human mind here, as Moses there; being the most logical of all the sacred penmen; being the mightiest and most original, there is no one of them who is more careful to attribute his authority directly to God; his scheme of salvation, the good news he preaches and teaches, directly to God. If he is careful that every epistle shall have his own sign-manual, his own signature, as an Apostle; he is no less careful, that men whom he addresses shall bear in mind, that though there be one woe hanging over him, if he preach not the Gospel, there is another woe hanging over him, if he preach any other Gospel than that which has been communicated to him from Heaven. These are his words in the 8th verse of this chapter: "Though we,

or an angel from Heaven preach any other Gospel unto you, than that we have preached unto you, let him be anathema ; let him be accursed !" This is not an anathema such as men deal out against each other ; an ecclesiastical excommunication, with bells and candles. It is one and the same, with that anathema employed in Revelation : "If any man take away from the words of the book of this prophecy, God shall take away his part out of the Book of Life ; and out of the holy city ; and out of the things that are written in this book."

Handling the Word of God deceitfully, is the most fearful thing that a man can do ; putting things into the Word of God which are not there ; taking things out of the Word of God that have been written there by God's finger, and sealed with the blood of the Lamb ; think of the consequences to those who are misled and betrayed. If a man preaches what God teaches, God takes the consequences. If he does not, he himself takes the consequences. The Psalmist says, "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning, and let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth." A man may well say this about the Gospel. There is a cheap way of getting men's ears and men's plaudits, by foisting into one's preaching, that which God has not put into His message. Did I say cheap? Let us await the Judgment of the great Day. There are some, who will be permitted to say, "Here am I, and these children of the Lord, whom thou hast given me." Think of the destiny of those who must say, "Here am I, and those whom I have betrayed into believing a lie ; to whom I have preached a Gospel which was not the Gospel ; to whom I have held out expectations, never to be realized.

The subject which I shall discuss this morning, is

THE GOSPEL AFTER MAN, AND THE GOSPEL AFTER GOD.

I. If there is a God; if God is a reality; a being with intelligence and affections; the presumption is, that He will communicate with man, His creature, in man's own language. If there is a God, the Gospel in a book is a necessary presumption. And there is a sense in which it will be a Gospel after man. The Bible, like the Man Christ Jesus, has a two-fold nature.

The Bible teaches us that there was a time, when man found God's power and godhead in the language of Nature; and that they are lodged there now. But, in falling from God, man has lost the key to this language. And, therefore, God is not contented with this talking to His creatures in hieroglyphics. He determined to come nearer, and speak with a voice; a human voice. Coleridge, indeed, in his hymn, written before sunrise, in the valley of Chamouni, looking at Mt. Blanc, writes,

> "O dread and silent Mount! I gazed upon thee,
> Till thou, still present to the bodily sense,
> Didst vanish from my thought; entranced in prayer,
> I worshipped the Invisible alone!"

He looked through Nature, up to Nature's God. He had recovered Nature's lost key. It was as though he knelt upon Mt. Blanc as an altar. The Egyptian hieroglyph for night, was a star, attached by a thread to the ceiling of a room. There was the firmament, and there, a pendant, as in the ear of the Night, was the star. Could there be a material hieroglyph for the power and godhead of the Creator, more appropriate than Mt. Blanc himself: with his distant snow-white presence; with his

eternal brow, radiant with the bloom of the sun's rising and setting, and circled with midnight's coronal of stars; with the thunder pealing, and the lightnings playing around his head; with his mantle of pine-forests, black as night; and with the voice of his many waters, which kiss his feet, go down to gladden the meadows, far, far below? The Greeks made Mt. Olympus the seat of the court of their Gods; and it was on Mt. Sinai that Moses met Jehovah. If man had never apostatized from God; had never bedimmed the vision of His soul, a great Mountain would have been to him like a Gospel; like an Altar. Perhaps, the language of Nature would have been enough; he would have heard God walking in Nature, as Adam and Eve did in Eden. Now, it is not enough; for, heathenism is often the rankest where the scenery is most brilliant and sublime. Where the Himalayas tower, where the Ganges rolls, that is her central seat.

The metaphysical poet, Coleridge, finds God in Nature's majestic forms; the Cornlaw Rhymer, Elliot, finds Him in the most minute; in the insect life of English lanes:

"What forests tall of tiniest moss, clothe every little stone!
What pigmy oaks their foliage toss o'er pigmy valleys lone!
With shade o'er shade, from ledge to ledge, ambitious of the sky,
They feather o'er the steepest edge of mountains, mushrooms high.
O God of marvels! who can tell what myriad living things
On these grey stones unseen may dwell—what nations, with their kings.
I feel no shock, I hear no groan, while fate perchance o'erwhelms
Empires in this subverted stone; a hundred ruined realms!"

If from the beginning of creation, till now, there had been no revelation from God, aside from what is in Nature; no angels sent from Heaven, as they came to Abraham and Lot; no prophets, like Samuel and David and Isaiah and Daniel; no Gospel, as recorded by the Evangelists,

and preached by the Apostles; there would be a very strong presumption against the being of God. Men might well ask: If there is a God, why does he not speak to us? God is love. You and I, little as we are like Him; selfish, worldly, unbelieving; you and I are moved to do something, every year, to bring that portion of the human family that know Him not, to know and love Him. If we feel so; then, much more God. If God loves mankind, He will speak to them in the voice of love. He will not confine Himself to the works of Nature. The argument for this presumption, is this: God knows the result of the apostasy from Himself; His eyes see, His eyelids try the children of men; He knows the condition of the human family, in their degradation and sin. It is hopeless. If he has any warnings to give them; if He has any remedy to recommend; if He has any love to express; if He has any promises to make; we shall hear from Him. This is an argument, which prepares us to expect something in the way of a Revelation.

If God would speak to us, He must inspire men to know, and communicate what he has to say. Inspiration is God's way of getting down to human level, and human conditions. The human element in the Bible; the fact that the writers were men of like passions as ourselves; had an earthly setting; had their earthly history, which has entered into the history of the human family; anchors the Bible in humanity; is that which gives what God has to say, a historic certainty; roots it, like a tree in human soil. You can test the Book of God, as you can test any book of man. There is just as much proof that there was such a man as St. Paul, as that there was such a man as Julius Cæsar. I think there is a hundred-

fold more. A man might say of the Commentaries of Cæsar: Did any one ever see the original manuscript? The commentaries of this great General are older than the Epistles; are older than the Gospels. Julius Cæsar was assassinated 44 years before Christ was born. Here is a book that he wrote. No one denies this. The Apostle Paul wrote the Epistle to the Romans, more than a hundred years after Cæsar's death. We are more than a century nearer the Epistle to the Romans, than we are to Cæsar's Commentaries. It is not the original manuscript that we care for, except as a matter of curiosity. I mean, when we consider the question of genuineness. It is the estimate put by contemporaries upon the original manuscript; the estimate handed down to us. In his youth, the Poet Bryant wrote a remarkable poem: the most remarkable of all his productions, though he lived to a great age. Perhaps not three of his contemporaries ever saw the original manuscript; and perhaps, there is no one living to-day, who ever saw the poem on the pages of the Magazine where it was first published. But, you and I believe that Bryant wrote Thanatopsis. Why do we believe that? Because Bryant's immediate contemporaries did. And because you and I believe it, our children will believe it, and their children will believe it. There is no bigotry about this. It is according to a law of evidence. It never has been denied that he wrote it. We know that he wrote, it just as we know that Cæsar wrote his commentaries, and the Apostle Paul wrote his Epistle to the Romans. Centuries do not change the character of evidence. Two thousand years from now, some literary agnostic may arise and say, "What proof is there that Bryant ever wrote that poem? Did you ever

see the original manuscript?" It has always borne his name. This is answer enough. Somebody wrote it. There was a time, when it appeared. Then, it had to be accounted for. The account given of it, at that time, has never been denied; and it is as good now, as it was then.

The men who feel, when they ask, "Who ever saw the original manuscripts of the New Testament?" that they have dealt a deadly blow at religion; they have disposed of the whole question of their genuineness, are either very ignorant of what constitutes proof of genuineness, as it relates to ancient books, or they have a great deal of effrontery. Who ever saw the original manuscript of any standard classical book, to-day in existence? Take, for example, the works of the Greek historian, Herodotus. He died between four and five hundred years before the Christian era. The critics know only fifteen manuscript copies of his works; several written in the 15th century of the Christian era; one in the 12th, and one in the 10th. His works were first printed in Venice, A. D. 1502. Here is a gap of about fourteen hundred years between the nearest manuscript-copy of Herodotus' works, and the date of his death. And, yet, no one questions their authenticity. In the Vatican Library, a copy of Virgil, who died 19 years before the birth of Christ, claims an antiquity as high as the fourth century; but, most of the existing copies of what are regarded authentic classics are attributed to periods between the tenth and fifteenth centuries. This it not regarded ground for questioning their genuineness. There are MS. copies of the Pentateuch made in the 2d or 3d century; and MS. copies of the Gospels, dating back to the 3d or 4th century; and MS.

copies of the entire New Testament, which were made in the 8th. And of the New Testament there are in existence about 500 different manuscipts in Greek alone. Now, if critics accept the proof offered for the genuineness of Herodotus, when the first copy in existence is fourteen hundred years away from the death of its author; if they accept the genuineness of Virgil, when the earliest copy of his works in existence is found in the fourth century; with what reason can they reject the books of the Bible, which are some of them less than half the period from their authors? The genuineness of the New Testament Scriptures stands upon a better basis than the classical literature of Greece and Rome, which we study in our Academies and Colleges.

But, I am asked, "Would it not have been better if God had communicated the whole Bible as He did the Decalogue, on tablets of stone, written by His own hand?" I think not. I think the human element in the Bible is a part of God's wisdom there. The Author of the Bible asks for it, only the same fair treatment given to other books of mere human origin. This question of the genuineness of the books of the Bible, is to be settled just as the question of the genuineness of other ancient books. Here is the book in our hands, with the presumption that God must have it in His heart to prepare such a book. It only asks us to apply to it the same tests that are applied to the works of pagan historians and poets; that have no such burden of love; no such presumption of mercy in their favor. God does not wish to constrain belief. One of the influences which spring from the Bible is this: "It awakens inquiry." It sets a man to thinking; to thinking for himself. It not only does not require the settlement

of questions by the authority of churches or councils, it wants a man to be fully persuaded in his own mind. And this should be our question : " If, with the works of Herodotus, in our hands ; works, the original copies of which number only fifteen, and the existence of which dates back only to the tenth century ; we say : ' Yes, you are genuine ; you were written by the man whose name you bear ;' what shall we say to these writings of Matthew, Mark, Luke and John, of which there are some five hundred copies in Greek ; besides others in the Syriac, the Coptic, the Arabic, the Ethiopic, the Armenian, the Persian, and the Latin ; and whose existence dates back to the third and fourth centuries ; or to within three or four hundred years of the time when they profess to have been written ? Shall we, or shall we not treat the Word of God, as we treat other books ?

But, suppose we want to get back of these manuscripts; how shall we do it ? Here were two or three centuries after these books of the New Testament were written. What was the whole known world thinking about during this period ? Some of them were reading the originals, from which the Manuscrips now in existence were copied. How do I know ? Let me show you. These Manuscripts were circulated, back and forth, among the earlier churches. Let me summon into your presence such men as Justin Martyr, who was converted A. D. 132, and died in A. D. 164 ; Tatian, his pupil, who died A. D. 170 ; Irenæus, the martyr, who died A. D. 202 ; Clement, of Alexandria, who died A. D. 213 ; Hermas, Origen and others. Who are they ? They are some of the early Christians, whose writings have come down to us independently of the Sacred Scriptures. These writings are tested as to their

genuineness, just like the writings of Herodotus and Virgil. Their relation to the Scriptures is purely incidental. They were not written to prove the Scriptures genuine. But, upon their pages, standing as they were, nearer to the writers of the Scriptures than we are to the Pilgrim Fathers; nay, some of them almost as near as we are so the Fathers of the Republic: to Washington and Jefferson and Adams; upon these pages, you find quotation after quotation, corresponding almost word to word to Manuscript copies of the Scriptures now in existence. This Clement of Alexandria, who died about A. D. 213, has quotations and allusions enough from the Old Testament, to make a list filling twelve folio pages, double columns; just the bare references alone.

I want to show you the force of this argument, upon the question of the genuineness of the Bible Scriptures, by a comparison. The works of Shakespeare stand at the head of the world's literature. They are to literature what the Bible is to religion. Carlyle says, "If I say that Shakespeare is the greatest of intellects, I have said all concerning him." The time comes, when a Shakespeare-know-nothing rises up with this utterance: "These works of this Shakespeare of yours are not genuine. He never wrote them. There never was such a man. Who wrote them, nobody knows." What is the proof that this literary agnostic has blundered again? Go right to English Literature, from Shakespeare's time to the present. Begin with his contemporaries: the men and women who occupy the same relation to literature, that these Latin Fathers do to religion; and finish up with the last book ever published; the last essay ever sketched; the last sermon ever preached; the last conversation between

cultivated men ever held; and you have the proof. Just as from the time Shakespeare's works were written to the present day, there has been no literature worthy of the name, which has not been colored and impressed by what he wrote; so from the time of the Christian era to the present, there has been no religious literature of the Christian Church, which has not shown its indebtedness to the Bible. There is no such proof as this, back of the earliest manuscipts of Herodotus and Virgil; and yet, they are received as being what they pretend to be.

II. If there is a God, and He undertakes to communicate with man, respecting man's wants and woes; man's relation to Him, and man's destiny hereafter, He must guarantee that communication to be free from error; else it is of no value. This is the office of inspiration. This makes man's Gospel a Gospel after God. And this is what St. Paul claims in the text.

There are some people in this day, that say their inspiration is as good as St. Paul's. And so we have so-called inspired preachers and inspired mediums. The difference between the inspiration of such a genius as that of Shakespeare, or Milton even, and the inspiration of the sacred writers, is mainly this: That the inspiration of the sacred writers relates to matters about which man can find out nothing for himself. He cannot sink his plummet to such depths. He cannot plume his wing to such heights. It is not by searching that they can be found out. Outside the lids of the Bible, there is no such inspiration as you can find within them. The talk of the wise men of the ancients, interesting as it is; and wise in human reasoning, and beyond modern reasoners, as they were, is a sad illustration of this. They found no satisfaction; they

gave none. You remember Mrs. Stowe's poem, representing the pupils of Socrates, as they gather around their dying master. It begins thus :

"We need some charmer; for our hearts are sore
With longings for the things, that may not be ;
Faint for the friends, that shall return no more ;
Dark with distrust, or wrung with agony.
What is this life ? And what to us, is death ?
Whence came we ? Whither go ? And where are those
Who, in a moment stricken from our side,
Passed to that land of shadow and repose ?"

They found him not, those youths of soul divine,
Long seeking, wand'ring, watching on life's shore ;
Reasoning, aspiring, yearning for the light;
Death came, and found them doubting as before."

Men sometimes ask, why all the secrets of the earth were not revealed : why the sciences were not put into the Bible ; geometry and chemistry and physiology and astronomy, and the rest. It is enough to say : That they can be found out without a revelation. They are left for man's development ; to keep his mind busy, to educate him. The Bible was not written to communicate things to men, that were within their reach ; that could be discovered by microscopes and telescopes ; by chemical analysis ; and expeditions to Palestine ; by sitting at the feet of Nature, and learning of her. Nature makes many moral suggestions ; but, is not a moral revelation. She is a revelation mainly confined to the natural attributes of God. About the future world, she is as dumb as the Sphynx. She remembers her sentence : "Thorns and thistles." She groans and travails in pain. The voice of Nature is the voice of law ; not of forgiveness. The voice of Nature is a voice of death, and not of life. Read Thanatopsis. That is the voice of Nature, accord-

ing to her best interpreter. It cannot be called a religious poem. The most comforting thought the poet has, is of the earth, as a grand mausoleum ; a whirling God's Acre ; the sepulchre of the Ages ; the tomb of humanity ; where we can have silent companionship with the patriarchs ; and of death, as a sleep, as of a tired pilgrim at an inn. It is death, looked at by the light of Nature ; not by the light of Revelation. Revelation takes us beyond ; gives us a Biotopsis through Thanatopsis ; life through death. The poet is true to his idea. Nature has nothing articulate to say, as to man's origin ; as to man's accountability ; as to man's hereafter ; except this, that he is under law, and that law takes its course. This search for the origin of life ; this search for the genesis of the being, whom God has made in His own image ; this search in the volume of Nature, is looking for something in Nature, which God has not revealed there. Men come back from it, as our explorers from the Polar Regions. There is no open *sesame* to those doors, where God hides himself. "Who am I ? What is this Me ? A voice, a motion, an appearance ; some enbodied, visualized idea in the Eternal Mind ? *Cogito, ergo sum.* Alas, poor cogitators, this takes us but a little way. Sure enough, I am ; and lately was not : but, Whence ? How ? Whereto ? The answer lies around, written in all colors and motions, uttered in all tones of jubilee and wail, in thousand-figured, thousand-voiced, harmonious Nature ; but where is the cunning eye and ear, to whom that God-written Apocalypse will yield articulate meaning ?" There is only One Being, who ever walked the earth, that has ever had this cunning eye, of which Carlyle speaks. There is only One Being, such as the disciples of Socrates yearned

after ; and He was born in Bethlehem, and not in Athens. And He came here as a Revealer and an Interpreter of God the Father ; and knowing God, He knew Nature. He came here to answer those questions, Whence ? How ? Whereto ? and He has answered them. And there will be no other answer. He is Alpha, He is Omega, and there is no more vision. This is Mrs. Stowe again :

> " But, years passed on—and lo, the Charmer came,
> Pure, silent, sweet as is the silver dew.
> ' Let not your heart be troubled,' then, He said,
> ' My Father's house has mansions, large and fair ;
> I go before you, to prepare your place ;
> I will return, to take you with me there.'
> And since that hour, the awful Foe is charmed,
> And life and death are glorified and fair ;
> Wither He went, we know, the way we know,
> And with firm step, press on to meet Him there."

Whatever imperfection is incidental to the media by which truth has been communicated to man, we are to hold to this, that the truth is perfect. It is accurate. It is complete. It is what there is, and all there is. It came from God, and not from man. Here is where the line of battle is to be drawn up. When an eminent clergyman of Boston, who rejects what are called Evangelical doctrines, writes as follows, we may regard it as a a virtual withdrawal of forces, on the part of the candid and intelligent, as to the question what the Bible teaches. I refer to the Rev. Dr. George E. Ellis, and this is what he writes : " I have carefully considered the words and the thoughts which I am about to express, fully apprehending their serious bearings, and that they may startle and grieve some others, if not you." He is addressing the Unitarian Club of Boston. " Fifty years of study, thought and reading, given largely to the Bible and the literature

which peculiarly relates to it, have brought me to this conclusion : That the Book, taken with the especial divine quality and character claimed for it, and so extensively assigned to it, as inspired and infallible as a whole, and in all its contents, is an Orthodox book. It yields what is called the Orthodox creed. The vast majority of readers, following its letter, its obvious sense, its natural meaning, and yielding to the impression, which some of its emphatic texts make upon them, find in it, Orthodoxy. Only that kind of ingenious, special, discriminative, and in candor, I must add, forced treatment, which it receives from us Liberals, can make it teach anything but Orthodoxy. The Evangelical sects, so called, are clearly right in maintaining that their view of the Scripture and of its doctrines, draws a deep and wide division between them and ourselves."

In such a book as Cæsar's Commentaries, you find it stated that in Scotland there are thirty days of total darkness in the winter. No Scotchman would admit that there is much darkness there, at any season of the year : He is always bound to defend his native land. A statement like this, which was evidently the result of being misinformed, does not vitiate the general historical accuracy of the book. It is a book of battles, and not geography. It has to do with Gaul, and not with Scotland. But, such a mistake in the Bible, if it should relate to that for which the Bible was given, would condemn the whole book. Cæsar's Commentaries were not intended to contain accurate geographical information respecting Scotland. But, convict them of errors of statement as to the locality of nations and tribes ; as to the course of rivers ; as to the place where battles were fought ; as to

anything, which the sphere of his book covers, and you have a right to be suspicious of all the rest of the book. When it is claimed for the Bible, that it came from God, and that God is accountable for the accuracy of its statements as to who created the Universe ; as to who created man ; as to the fact of man's sinfulness, and as to God's remedy for it ; it is claimed that during the long period of its composition, under the hand of so many different writers, God preserved these writers from all error, which could affect its complete fitness for its mission here ; namely, to convince men of their need of God, and show them how He has met it. Dr. Ellis says, that after studying the Bible for a half-century, he concludes that it is an Orthodox book. It is one book. It is a harmonious book. Taken as a whole, there is only one response that can be got out of it. Force its meaning, twist its statements, wrest them from their bearing and connection, you can get almost anything out of it ; and it is valueless, just in proportion to the violence done.

It is said, that God created man out of the dust of the earth, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and he became a living soul. That is under the Old Dispensation. See what He does under the New. See what comes of His new inbreathing. See how He takes such men as Matthew and Mark and Luke and makes historians of them. Here is literature, which stands at the head of the literature of the world ; and these men are the authors of it. These Memorabilia of the Man Christ Jesus, as recorded by the Evangelist, did you ever compare them with those of the Greek historian Xenophon? Do they suffer in the comparison? These Memorabilia have all the fascination of life itself. How could this Matthew,

the publican, arrive at the sentiments of the Sermon on the Mount, unless he were recording actual utterances? How did he come by this fascinating picture of the Lord Jesus Christ? Here is where God displays His wisdom in speaking by man: and by such a man. He puts this treasure into earthern vessels; that we see they are only vessels. Begin the chapter of the Beatitudes. Read them. Can you find anything more beautiful in Shakespeare? Translate the passage; the severest test of literature. It goes into other language just as beautiful as it is in our own; or in the Greek in which it was first written. For, Dean Alford finally gave it as his opinion, that it was first written in Greek, and not in Hebrew. It is like a diamond, current everywhere, whatever the currency. Take this narrative, at random, from the ninth chapter of Matthew's Gospel: "While he spoke these things unto them, behold, there came a certain ruler and worshipped Him, saying, 'My daughter is even now dead; but, come and lay thy hand upon her, and she shall live.' And Jesus arose and followed him, and so did his disciples. And, behold, a woman, which was diseased with an issue of blood twelve years, came behind Him, and touched the hem of His garment. For she said within herself, 'If I may but touch His garment, I shall be whole.' But, Jesus turned about; and when He saw her, He said, 'Daughter, be of good comfort; thy faith hath made thee whole.' And the woman was made whole, from that very hour. And when Jesus came into the ruler's house, and saw the minstrels and the people making a noise, He said unto them, 'Give place; for the maid is not dead, but sleepeth.' And they laughed Him to scorn. But, when the people were put forth, He went in and took

her by the hand, and the maid arose. And the fame hereof went abroad into all that land."

Who taught Matthew, the publican, this masterly art of putting things? this simplicity, and directness, and terseness of speech? Try to make a paraphrase of the passage yourself; you, who have sat at the feet of great masters, in all the great languages, written and spoken. You can not rewrite it, without seeming to weaken it. And remember what I have reminded you of before: namely, that there is just the same kind of proof that Matthew wrote this, and all the rest of the Gospel bearing his name, as there is that Virgil or Herodotus wrote the works attributed to them; the same kind of proof, but a great deal more of it. It is often urged, as one reason why men are so unwilling to take the Gospel records as authoritative, that the great Teacher Himself wrote nothing. He did write nothing. But, He certainly knew how important it would be, that mankind should have just what He said, and know just what He did, and what He meant by it. If these sacred writers, these men who had attended Him, were to be inspired for their work; if they were to be kept from error; then, we can see how unnecessary the work of Himself recording His own sayings and doings; we can account for this seeming neglect on His own part.

III. If God makes supernatural communications to man, when the work is accomplished, the peculiar kind of inspiration required, will cease; because it is no longer needed. God is a strict economist..

Some people confound the office of inspiration, in order to a revelation, and its office, in order to salvation. I believe that you and I may have the same Spirit that the

Evangelists and the Apostles had; the Spirit which inspired the Bible. But, He does not come to us, that we may add to the revelations already made by Him. There are no new facts to be given. He comes to us, to bring to our remembrance and to interpret old facts; to convince us of them, and move us to act upon them. There were no new revelations made on that great day of the outpouring of God's Spirit, in Jerusalem. The day of Pentecost was not a day which added any new truth to the Scripture canon. The simple truths recorded in the Gospels were what Peter relied on, when he preached that sermon, which was so blessed to thousands. The tendency in these days, is to try to read something into the Bible, which the Holy Spirit has not put there. And, we hear what Canon Farrar has to say on the other side of the water, and what Mr. Beecher has to say on this side the water, as to what will be in the future. But, do they give us any evidence that God has made a new revelation to them? And if they are the ministers of Christ, what right have they to preach their speculations and conjectures? This is to give a Gospel after man.

In the establishment of Christianity, there are certain things essential, which cease to be so when it has been established. There is no longer any need of inspiration such as the Apostles had. There is no longer any need of miracles. The miracles were for all time, just as inspiration was. They did their work then; they do it forevermore. Some people say, the miracles were for the contemporaries of Christ, and not for us, upon whom these ends of the world have come. They are for us, as a part of the Gospel narratives. They are for us, to prevent us from being imposed upon, by pretended revealers

of our own time. They are the seals and signature of Jehovah, to the last will and testament of His love. The raising of Lazarus; nay, the resurrection of Christ, is the great seal of the kingdom. Perhaps, some of you have seen a *fac simile* of the original warrant to execute Charles the First of England, in 1648. It is signed by Oliver Cromwell, and fifty-eight others. But every signature has a seal attached; and every seal has the coat of arms of the signer. These signatures and the seals were the guarantee of the Government, to the officers to whom the warrant was addressed, that the proposed execution was their deed. Have they ceased to have a meaning now? They have gone into history. They are a part of the *res gestæ*. The miracles of the Gospel-narratives, consisting of works such as no other man ever did, are God's guarantee to mankind, that He is behind the Gospel; that these Evangelists and Apostles were employed by Him for the purpose of conveying truth to men, which they had no means of finding out; that He is speaking to them, and through them to us. As facts, these miracles have taken their place in history. And, they account, in part, for the results of early Apostolic labors. The resurrection was the culmination of them. Jesus Himself appealed to them: "If I do not the works of my Father, believe me not; but, if I do, though ye believe not me, believe the works;" and again, "If I had not done among them the works which none other man did, they had not had sin; but now they have both seen and hated, both me and my Father." The Apostle Peter, too, in charging home upon the Jews the crime of His Master's death, speaks of Him as "Jesus of Nazareth, a man approved of God among them, by miracles and

wonders and signs, which God did by Him, in the midst of them, as they themselves also knew."

The results of the work of Oliver Cromwell and his associates, you and I feel to-day. That death-warrant was a life-warrant to the nations; was a charter of human freedom for all time to come. The life of a king is not so sacred as the life of the people. It is a matter of history that it was thus signed and sealed; and that all this grew out of it: the American Revolution; perhaps, Free America. Suppose the original document had been lost, would you doubt whether there were such a document? You say miracles cannot be proved. I say the admitted facts of sacred history are improbable without them. Here is a company of Twelve Men, who attach themselves to this Jesus of Nazareth: as a Divine Teacher and Guide. All their ideas of such a Teacher, they had inherited. And the very first question which would arise in their minds, was the one put to Him by the Jews: "What sign showest thou, that we may see and believe? Our fathers did eat manna in the desert, as it is written, He gave them bread from Heaven to eat!" That shows the working of the Jewish mind. This insisting on a sign and seal had been encouraged by Jehovah from the first. When God wanted Moses to appear as His representative before the children of Israel, what was his answer: "But, behold, they will not believe me, nor hearken to my voice. For, they will say, 'The Lord hath not appeared unto thee.' And the Lord said unto him, 'What is that in thine hand?' And he said a rod. And He said, 'Cast it on the ground.' And he cast it on the ground, and it became a serpent: and Moses fled before it. And the Lord said to Moses, 'Put forth thine

hand and take it.' And he put forth his hand and caught it, and it became a rod in his hand." And it was that rod which smote the rivers of Egypt, and they became blood; which smote them again, and there came up from them swarming frogs; it was that rod, which smote the dust of the earth, and it became lice throughout all the land of Egypt; which smote the earth again, and it swarmed with flies; in a word, it was that rod which brought plague after plague upon the Egyptians; which divided the Red Sea, which smote the rock, and it gave forth water. That rod was the insignia of Moses' office, as a leader. Generations afterwards, here comes another prophet, claiming to be like unto Moses. Think you, that His disciples will take Him without some supernatural signs; without some seal from Heaven, that He has been sent of God? And, yet, they did take Him; and were willing to die for Him. Never, without miracles.

Says Canon Mozley, "If, then, a person of evident integrity and loftiness of character, rose into notice in a particular country and community, eighteen centuries ago, who made these communications about Himself: that He had existed before His natural birth, from all eternity, and before the world was, in a state of glory before God; that He was the only begotten Son of God; that the world itself had been made by Him; that He had, however, come down from Heaven, and assumed the form and nature of man, for a particular purpose: namely, to be the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sins of the world; that He thus stood in a mysterious and supernatural relation to the whole of mankind; that through Him alone, man had access to God; that He was the head of an invisible Kingdom, into which He

would gather all the generations of righteous men, who had lived in the world; that, on His departure from hence, He should return to Heaven, and prepare mansions there for them; and lastly, that He should descend again at the end of the world to judge the whole human race; on which occasion all that were in their graves should hear His voice and come forth, they that had done good unto the resurrection of life; and they that had done evil, unto the resurrection of damnation; if this Person should make such assertions about Himself, and all that was done was to make the assertions; what would be the inevitable conclusion of sober reason, respecting that Person? The necessary conclusion of sober reason respecting that Person, would be, that He was disordered in His understanding. Miracles are the necessary complement of the truth of such announcements; which, without them, are purposeless and abortive; the unfinished fragments of a design, which is nothing, unless it is the whole. They are necessary to the justification of such announcements; which, indeed, unless they are supernatural truths, are the wildest delusions. The matter, and its guarantee are the two parts of a revelation, the absence of either of which neutralizes and undoes it."

This Jesus of Nazareth made precisely these representations respecting Himself; and His disciples believed them. It is impossible, unless He wrought the miracles, which are attributed to Him.

IV. I want to attempt to correct an attitude which is sometimes assumed with reference to the Bible, namely this: That because of the nature of the subject-matter of the Bible, it must be held to a severer test, than any other book. This is neither fair nor candid. Proof is proof.

Sufficiency of proof in one case, is sufficiency in another. I have tried, in this discussion, to show that there is a presumption that God will speak to us in a Book; in a Book written by man. That if He does this, He is bound to prevent men from getting uninspired utterances into it; from substituting what they have to say, for what He has to say; and that when He has made His Book, He will cease to inspire additions to it. It will stop, just as it began.

And here, as it seems to me, we reach the true principle by which the genuineness of this Book should be tested: That amount of evidence which should prove the history of Herodotus genuine, ought to prove the history of Moses or Matthew; that amount of evidence which should prove the poems of Virgil or Horace genuine, ought to prove the poems of David and Isaiah. Isaac Taylor, in his work on "The Transmission of Ancient Books," says, "The validity of evidence in proof of remote facts is not affected, either for the better or for the worse, by the weight of consequences that may depend upon them. No principle can be more obviously true than this; and yet, none is more often disregarded. With the same sort of inconsistency which impels us to measure the punishment of an offence, not by its turpitude, but by the amount of injury it may have occasioned, we are instinctively inclined to think the most slender evidence good enough, in proof of a point which is of no importance; while we distrust the best evidence, as if it were feeble, on any occasion when the fact in question involves great and pressing interests. We are apt to think of evidence as if it were a cord or wire, which though it may sustain a certain weight, must needs snap with a greater. It is very true that the degree of care, diligence and atten-

tion, with which we examine evidence, may well be proportioned to the importance of the consequences that are involved in the decision. A juryman ought, indeed, to give his utmost attention to testimony, that may sentence a prisoner to a month's confinement; but, if he be open to the common feelings of humanity, he will exercise a tenfold caution, when life or death is to be the issue of his verdict. This is very proper; but, no one who is capable of reasoning justly, would think that if the proof of guilt in the former case has been thoroughly examined, and is quite conclusive, it can become a jot less convincing, if it should be found, that some new interpretation of the law makes the offence capital. The genuineness of the satires and epistles of Horace, is allowed by all scholars to be unquestionable; and any one who has examined the evidence, must call him a mere sophist who should attempt to raise a controversy on the subject. Would the case be otherwise, even though the proof of the genuineness of these writings should overthrow the British constitution; or, should make it the duty of every man to resign his property to his servant? The evidence of the genuineness and authenticity of the Jewish and Christian Scriptures, has, for no other reason than a thought of the consequences that are involved in the admission of their truth, been treated with an unwarrantable disregard of logical equity: and even of the dictates of common sense. The poems of Anacreon, the tragedies of Sophocles, the plays of Terence, the epistles of Pliny, are adjudged to be safe from the imputation of spuriousness, and of material corruption; and yet, evidence, ten times greater as to quantity, variety and force, supports the genuineness of the poems of Isaiah, and the epistles of Paul."

I go further than this. For, if there is a presumption that God will communicate directly with mankind; any Book, claiming to be from God, other things being equal, deserves fairer treatment from our hands, as to the matter of its genuineness, than a book which claims to be the word of man. We have no presumption in favor of a Herodotus or a Horace. Our relations to God are so important; the truths we need to know from Him, are so many; we are so bewildered and helpless without them; that the Bible appears with a *prima facie* case, which can not be rejected, unless there are stronger arguments against it than would lead us to reject a book of human origin, of equal antiquity. So that we find ourselves put to a test of our candor and fairness, in the treatment of this Book, which is really a test of our character.

The Apostle Paul says in the text, "I certify you, brethren, that the Gospel which was preached of me, was not after man; for, I neither received it of man, neither was I taught it; but by the revelation of Jesus Christ." This Gospel, in the form in which Paul preached it and wrote it, we have in our hands. There is just as much proof of it, as of the genuineness of any ancient book in existence. I believe there is a hundredfold more. This Gospel we have. "Whereunto," in the words of another Apostle, "we do well to take heed, as unto a light that shineth in a dark place, until the daydawn and the daystar arise in your hearts; knowing this, that no prophecy or scripture is of any private interpretation. For the prophecy came not, in old time, by the will of man; but, holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost."

IV.

BEARING ONE ANOTHER'S BURDENS.

GAL. VI: 2.—"Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfill the law of Christ."

There are some burdens which can not actually be shared, because they can not be communicated. So that there is another passage: "Let every man bear his own burden." When the Saviour retired to the Garden of Olives the night of His betrayal, Peter, and James, and John could not drink with Him of that cup which the Father gave. It was a cup which He had to drink alone. But they could have watched with Him; they could have shown their sympathy. This was all He asked: "Tarry ye here and watch." It is often the case when death's shadows are falling around our dearest ones that all we can do is to watch, and see the flickering flame expire. That shares the burden.

When the great heart of Mr. Webster was ceasing to beat at Marshfield, the sick man said to Peter Harvey of Boston, whom he would see in spite of his physicians, as he stretched up and put his arms around his neck, "I am not so ill but that I know you. I am sick, but not too sick to call down blessings on you, my faithful friend, true in life, true in death. I shall be dead tomorrow. Do not leave this room until I am gone. Promise me,

that you will not." He promised, and kept his promise.

> "On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
> Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
> E'en from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
> E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires."

It is said to be impossible in the physical world to create a new force. But it is not so in the spiritual world. Two praying together have more than double the faith of each; two suffering together have far more than twice the strength of each. Daniel Webster dying, though he had constant and skillful medical advisers; though he had the care of faithful friends and attendants; though as President Pierce said, "a nation's heart beat sadly at his tomb," wanted Peter Harvey there to share with him the burden of death.

The subject which I shall discuss this morning, is

BEARING ONE ANOTHER'S BURDENS.

And I remark

I. That the first instinct of human nature is to be impatient under our own burdens; to feel that we have scarcely strength for them, not to think of those of our neighbors.

That every one has his own burdens; burdens which are peculiar to himself; burdens which attach to his own position, character, or lot in life; burdens which sometimes seem to him too heavy to bear, we all know from our observation, as well as from our experience. "The heart knoweth his own bitterness." Childhood has its burdens; youth, manhood, middle life, old age; fatherhood, motherhood, bachelorhood, old-maidenhood, business life, domestic life. With a great many people, the

vicissitudes of life, life's changes, come from vainly attempting to exchange the burden of one lot or position for the burden of another. But burdens can not be escaped. If they do not weigh down one shoulder they do the other. If they do not blister our hands, they gall our backs.

But if we had no burdens we should have no character. One burden results in courage; another in patience; another in perseverance; another in resignation; another in faith; all in character. We often read with a fictitious and sentimental sympathy of the hardships experienced by a child growing up in the backwoods without childhood books, and childhood sports; taking premature burdens upon himself for self-support, or the support of others. As if there were nothing better than childhood, beautiful as that is! We almost always find that such a discipline results in a character for manliness which comes in no other way. There are a great many little men and little women in the homes of the poor; brave and heroic hearts in little frames, nurtured for future heroisms. Some young men, too, will take upon themselves the care of a widowed mother, and the younger children of the household, before they are fairly out of their teens, will be as industrious, and saving, and provident, ay, as paternal, as though they were men in middle life. Is there anything higher or nobler for them than this? It is a moral education for them. How much better than the frivolous life of a pleasure seeker, or the spendthrift!

We read pityingly of the student-life in the Universities of Scotland so long ago, as when Thomas Carlyle set out on foot to walk a hundred miles from Ecclefechan to Edinburgh; so like what some of us may have seen in New

England. Froude says of these students: "They were sent to Edinburgh or Glasgow, or wherever it might be, when they were mere boys of fourteen. They had no one to look out for them on their journey, or when they came to the end. They walked from their homes, being unable to pay their coach hire. They entered their own names at the college. They found their own humble lodgings, and were left entirely to their own capacity for self-conduct. The carriers brought them oatmeal, potatoes and salt-butter from the home-farm, with a few eggs occasionally, as a luxury. With their thrifty habits they required no other food. In the return cart, their linen went back to their mothers to be washed and mended. Poverty protected them from temptations to vicious amusements. They formed their economical friendships; they shared their breakfasts and their thoughts; and had their clubs for conversation and discussion. When term was over, they walked home in parties; each district having its little knot belonging to it; and, known along the road as University scholars, they were assured of entertainment on the way." "How strangely vivid, how remote and wonderful," says Carlyle, in 1866, "tinged with the hues of far-off love and sadness, is that journey to me, now after fifty-seven years of time. My mother and father walking with me, in the dark, frosty November morning, through the village, to set us on our way; my dear and loving mother, her tremulous affection!"

Ah! how much better this, than the student-life described in "Tom Brown at Oxford," where young men with plenty of money wasted their substance in riotous living, indifferent to their own highest interests, and to

the fact that serious life was before them. "St. Ambrose College," writes the author, "was a moderate sized one. There might have been some seventy or eighty undergraduates in residence, when our hero appeared there as freshman. Of these, unfortunately for the College, there were a very large proportion of gentlemen commoners; enough, in fact, with the other men they drew around them, and who lived pretty much as they did, to form the largest and leading set in the college. So, the college was decidedly fast. The chief characteristics of this set was the most reckless extravagance of every kind. London wine-merchants furnished their liquors at a guinea a bottle; and wine at five guineas a dozen. Oxford and London tailors vied with one another in providing them with unheard-of quantities of the most gorgeous clothing. They drove tandems in all directions, scattering their ample allowances, which they treated as pocket money about roadside inns, and Oxford taverns, with open hand; and "going tick" for everything which could by possibility be booked. Their cigars cost two guineas a pound; their furniture was the very best that could be bought; pine-apples, forced fruit, and the most rare preserves figured at their parties; they hunted, rode steeple-chases by day, played billiards till the gates closed, and then were ready for *vingt-et-une*, unlimited loo, and hot drink in their inn rooms as long as any one could be got to sit up and play. The fast set then swamped and gave tone to the college; at which no persons were more astonished and horrified than the authorities of St. Ambrose."

Life is a great deal better arranged than we think it. The burdens of poverty are the safeguard and inspiration

of youth. It is a blessing to many a lad that he can not go to College. It is a blessing to many another that he has no money to spend when he is there. It would be an instructive thing for a young man to look over the brief biographical summary relating to each Senator and Member of the House, in the Congressional Directory. These men have not been made by their outward advantages. Some of them were born in Ireland; some in Scotland; some in Germany, and some as slaves in America. Scarcely more than one-third of them are College graduates. A majority of them had only a common school and academic education. Not a dozen of them graduated at what are regarded the best Colleges. Many started in life as farmers, printers, miners, clerks; some as sailors, and some as the sons of widows. Several were once pages, where now they sit as Senators. Not one of them seems to be ashamed of his inferior advantages, and humble origin. Doubtless all of them have carried heavy burdens in their day. And the carrying of these burdens has given them the qualities of character for which they have been distinguished.

In his Essay on Self-Reliance, Mr. Emerson says: "If our young men miscarry in their first enterprise, they lose all heart. If the young merchant fails, men say he is ruined. If the finest genius studies at one of our Colleges, and is not installed in an office within one year afterwards, in the cities or suburbs of Boston or New York, it seems to his friends, and to himself, that he is right in being disheartened, and in complaining the rest of his life. A sturdy lad from New Hampshire or Vermont, who, in turns tries all the professions; who teams it, farms it, peddles, keeps school, preaches, edits a news-

paper, goes to Congress, buys a township and so forth, in successive years, and always, like a cat, falls on his feet, is worth a hundred of these city dolls. He walks abreast with his days, and feels no shame in not studying a profession; for, he does not postpone his life, but lives already. He has not one chance, but a hundred chances."

One of the great perils of American civilization comes from the fact, that our school systems do not provide opportunities for industrial training; that we are all the time educating our children away from things. Children who are brought up in the country; who are familiar with the processes of Nature; with the use of farming utensils; who know how to plant corn and potatoes; who know how to milk and make butter; who are familiar with the work done by carpenters, shoemakers and blacksmiths; who have seen a door made and a horse shod; may have some limitations and hardships, some burdens which are not incident to city life; but they are all the time put to school to the various industries which men pursue for a living; they are all the time subjected to an education which books can not give them. I would not be guilty of ridiculing our common school system, but it has this defect. I cut the following slip from the New York *Tribune* of last week:

"An examination of the younger children of the public schools of Boston, made by Dr. Stanley Hall, showed that 18 per cent of the number had no knowledge of a cow, further than that gained from pictures; 61 per cent of those examined had never seen an ant; 65 per cent had never seen corn growing; 90 per cent did not know where their *ribs* were, nor exactly *what* they were, while only six per cent were ignorant of the location of their

stomachs. Some of the children stated that flour comes from the grocer, who gets it directly from God; others said that meat is dug from the ground, or picked up from the meat tree. From these facts Dr. Hall deduced two other facts: that a gross ignorance of practical things may exist side by side with a very thorough book knowledge, and that some modification of the kindergarten method, is necessary in the instruction of the young."

Nature's kindergarten are the industries of practical life. And the children of the middling classes, especially in the country, she instructs as they go along in life, in her Free School.

II. The bearing of one's own burdens is the best method which we can adopt indirectly to help other people bear theirs. A great many of the heavily-burdened people in the world are carrying burdens which do not belong to them; burdens which some one else ought to share with them; burdens which somebody else has thrown off upon their shoulders.

Carlyle ridicules the great London preacher, Edward Irving, who is down at the seaside with his wife and six weeks' old baby. Thus he describes him to Miss Welsh, who afterwards became Mrs. Carlyle: "It would do your heart good to see him in the character of dry nurse to his first-born, Edward. Oh! that you saw the giant with his broad-brimmed hat, his sallow visage, and his sable, matted fleece of hair, carrying the little pepper-box of a creature folded in his monstrous palms along the beach; tick, ticking to it, and dandling it, heedless of the crowds of petrified spectators, that turn round in long trains, gazing in silent terror at the fatherly leviathan." This is all very brilliant and very easily written. But you and I know that there was more of the kingdom

of God in that act, than in the most eloquent sermon that Irving ever preached to the gaping crowds which waited on his ministry in London.

The burdens of domestic life are too frequently unshared by man. Not only so, they are often made grievous to be borne, because of man's unfitness for the office of husband and father; because of his indifference to what his wife has to bear and to suffer. There is a great deal of the barbarian still in human, shall I say in man's nature. The Indian makes his wife cultivate the fields and carry the burdens, while he spends his time in the manlier sports of hunting and fishing. I have no sympathy with this modern disposition, on the slightest pretext of difference to break away from the bonds of married life. It is not worthy of Christian women. And yet I think the law of Christ requires that those whom the Bible calls no more twain, but one, should be one in bearing the burdens of their lot; and that man, especially, as the stronger vessel, should be anxious to take his share.

Go into some families and you see a disposition to get along with the least personal inconvenience possible. Every body is on his guard, has his pickets out, lest some individual right may be invaded. There is no spirit of reciprocal helpfulness. If there are children, they are like so many little Ishmaels, quarreling and bickering over mine and thine. The father is the greatest Ishmael of them all. He is the Colossus which bestrides that little world; and every son of his bestrides in his turn, as much as he can compass. This has nothing to do with government. This is anarchy. There is no more government in such a household, than there is in the Turkish

Empire. Go into other families, and there is a mutual consideration and attention such as makes everything move on as though under an ordinance of Heaven. The first thing which the father does, is to govern himself. Self-government is his own burden, and he bears it. Because his work has gone wrong; because he has been reprimanded by his superior; because his stocks have gone down, or his silver mine has exploded, it is no reason why things should be made to go wrong, as between himself and his wife andchildren. They are not responsible. The way many a father does, isto come home and roll his burden which he has been accumulating all day like a snowball off upon his family. The first greeting is embittered by it. The children recognize it on the darkened brow, or in the sharp intonation, or impatient gesture. The mother wearied all day by the presence and wants of her little brood, and looking to the coming of the father as the event that is to bring deliverance, feels that her own burden is increased by the burdens rolled upon her and her children by this great giant of a man.

Some of you, who hear me, perhaps, think it is undignified for the pulpit to descend to such topics as these. You interpret Christianity to mean hearing preaching, criticising the preacher, sitting in seraphic frames and singing yourself or letting others sing you away into a kind of Occidental Buddhism; attending prayer meetings, doing Christian work at home, or giving of your substance to convert the heathen. But do you know how little Christianity deals with single duties; how largely it leaves itself as a great principle to be applied according to every man's own conscience in the sight of

God; that when it says: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and thy neighbor as thyself," it does not branch off to specify the ten thousand offices of love which are in our daily life? And yet in spite of this characteristic of it, that it is more a principle than a system of Ethics, we have whole chapters of the Bible devoted to our carriage toward each other in domestic life; in that unnoticed drama in which only God and the angels are the spectators; where the curtain is lifted only toward the world not seen, but eternal. I say, we have whole chapters of precepts as to how the husband shall treat the wife; and the wife the husband; the parents the children, and children the parents; ay, addressed also to servants and their masters!

Do not understand me, at all, as disparaging Christian activity in any and every department of Christian effort. I put a high value upon them; not the highest, I admit. I put the highest value upon Christian carriage in home-life. A man can masquerade as a Christian anywhere better than in his home. And if I were asked after any man's Christian character, I should say: "Take the testimony of his wife and children; of his colored or Irish servants; of his horses or his dogs; swear his cats, or his chickens." On such a subject they are competent to give testimony. For, if the whole creation groans, and travails, and is in pain for the adoption; for the redemption of the body; when the adoption comes, when a man becomes a child of God; when the redemption comes, when a woman is redeemed from the dominion of sin, the burden of the penalty of sin is sure to sit lighter upon creation; upon four-footed beasts and creeping things; so that everything that hath breath will praise the Lord!

There are burdens which have been taken upon themselves by those engaged in trying to save lost women and lost men, which do not belong to them. I mean by this, that if every man and every woman who is tempted, should be true to the instinct which God has implanted in them; should resist the evil that is suggested; should say to the Tempter, not what our first mother did when he came to parley with her over God's commandments in Eden, but what the second Adam said to Peter: "Get thee behind me, Satan!" a large class of men and women who are now engaged in humanitarian and Christian work, would be at liberty to undertake something else; I mean work in some other department. Did you ever think, my brother, not alone that you were dishonoring God, and grieving your wife, and offending God's little people, your children, but that you are actually hanging like a weight about the neck of humanity itself; that you obstruct the progress of Christendom; that you exhaust upon yourself attentions, and prayers, and exertions, and gifts which really belong to some specimens of humanity, whom God has never so richly endowed, as He has endowed yourself? When He made you, He said: "Let us make a man!" He did not intend you to be like drift-weed,

> "Flung from the rock, on ocean's foam to sail,
> Where'er the surge may sweep, the tempest's breath prevail."

Ah! I tell you, if the men who could be men, would be true men; and the women who could be women, would be true women, something could be done by their help for a grade of tempted ones whose lot is less sufferable than their own. We can not get down lower till we get

past them. And here you are tumbling back into the surf from which kind hands have taken you, to receive their attentions again, while hundreds are yet clinging to the wreck, and can not reach the shore. Ah! be the man that God would have you, and plunge into the surf and buffet the waters for others!

III. The law of Christ is not only that for His sake, and for our own sake, and for the sake of others, we should bear our own burdens, but that for His sake, and our own sake, and for the sake of others, we should bear the burdens of other men. And the best preparation to do the last, is to do the first. No one can be a burden-bearer for others, who will not bear his own burdens. We flatter ourselves we can; but it is a delusion. Even Christ pleased not himself. He had to become poor before He could make others rich. He had to have nothing before He could make others possessors of all things. He had to take up His cross and bear it, ay, and hang upon it, before He could see the travail of His soul in the salvation of others. It is enough for the disciple that he be as his Lord; and the servant that he be as his Master.

The Apostle says: "Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfill the law of Christ." There is a law here. It is not a question of convenience or privilege. It is a law. Every plant grows after a law of its kind. Every plant that our Father has planted after this law. I have seen people come into the church of God, and look around, and wonder why the whole membership did not rush to their feet with gold, frankincense and myrrh, to minister to them. That is not the law of Christ. He came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and

give His life a ransom for many. It was only in His cradle that such offerings were brought Him. And it is proof that we are still in ours, if we expect them. I have seen other people come into the church just as the true patriot enlists; to find some position of service; some systematic service. And all around them from that sacred hour, the life of others was like the greenness of an oasis in the desert because of them. There was not a sick man, or sick woman, or sick child; there was not a case of affliction, or temptation, but they seemed to know it, as if by instinct. Their very horses seemed to be more familiar with the walks of the children of sorrow, than the avenues where most the pleasure-seekers did congregate.

Twenty-one of the twenty-seven verses of the last chapter in the epistle to the Romans, are taken up with personal salutations which the Apostle Paul sends to his fellow-laborers in the Lord; to people who had come under this new law of the Master, that we bear each other's burdens. Take the first two verses: "I commend unto you Phœbe, our sister, which is a servant of the church, which is at Cenchrea; that ye receive her in the Lord, as becometh saints; and that ye assist her in whatever business she hath need of you; for she hath been a succorer of many, and of myself also." "Phœbe, our sister, a servant, a deacon of the church which is at Cenchrea; a succorer of many, and of myself also."

This quiet and unobserved ministration to the needy; the original meaning of the word deacon; this having an open ear to hear the tale of God's suffering poor, and an open hand to supply their wants; this having willing feet to run on errands of mercy; this disposition to

make a way for the entrance of the living Christ into men's households through an open door, which we have left ajar for them, as Christian neighbors and friends; this, I think, is something which we all ought to study more as a Christian art. Last Monday morning, a few of you who knew her, and loved her, followed to her grave, the dust of Mrs. Jenny Duncan. She was a woman like Phœbe of Cenchrea; a woman who interpreted Christianity to be an angelic ministration to the wants of our poor humanity. You might meet her in the woman's meeting for prayer; in the Gospel Temperance work; at the bedside of the sick; in front of the iron-gratings of the jail; in her own home, walking together with her husband and her daughter who had been redeemed by her prayers, in the way of life; taking as her grateful charge the daughter of another dying Christian sister; on her own sick bed. And wherever you found her, she had the same desire for more likeness to her Lord; for new preparation for active Christian service. And accompanied with the expectation that she was to recover, was the wish to recover that she might still minister to the necessities of others. Her record is in Heaven. She did what she could. It was in her heart to do more. But the messenger said to her: "Daughter, arise! The Master has come, and calleth for thee!"

In his works recently published, is President Garfield's tribute to the memory of Almeda A. Booth. No life was ever better fitted by suffering, to be the inspiration of pupils committed to her charge, than hers. Let me quote a few lines from President Garfield's address. "Until she reached the age of twenty-four, her life had been devoted to home-duties, to study and teaching. In the

family of her nearest neighbor, she had formed the intimate acquaintance of Martyn Harmon, a young man of rare and brilliant promise. Like herself, he was an enthusiastic student. Ambitious of culture, he had pushed his way through the studies of Meadville College, and was graduated with honor. He had given Almeda his love, and received in return the rich gift of her great heart. The day of their wedding had been fixed. He was away in Kentucky teaching; while she was in Mantua preparing to adorn and bless the home of their love. On the 6th of March, 1848, he died of some sudden illness, and was buried near Frankfort, Kentucky. Funeral services were held in Mantua, at which Almeda took her place as chief mourner. Her plans of life and the hopes of her earthly future seemed buried in his grave. After such a loss, what was left to a soul like hers? To her heart, the consolations of the Christian faith; and to her life, the power of serving and blessing others. It is one of the precious mysteries of sorrow, that it finds solace in unselfish work. Patient and uncomplaining, with a spirit chastened and sweetened by her great sorrow, Almeda gathered up the fragments of her broken life, and devoted her power to the work of teaching."

This is the key-note to the life of the woman, of whom President Garfield says: "On my own behalf, I take this occasion to say, that for her generous and powerful aid so often and so efficiently rendered; for her quick and never failing sympathy, and for her intelligent, unselfish and unswerving friendship, I owe her a debt of gratitude and affection, for the payment of which, the longest term of life would have been short." Thus did this woman find in bearing her own burdens, the way opened to bear-

ing the burdens of others, so that when she died, thousands of men and women rose up to call her blessed. The law of Christ is the same in your life and mine. At the foot of His cross we can learn the secret of living not to please ourselves, but to glorify the name of our Master; to help others into His kingdom. Let us make haste to sit there!

The world is full of burdened ones,
  Weighed down by heavy crosses;
Each one to his own bosom owns
  Life's bitterness and losses:
    The tempted here,
    The poor are near:
  Without or search, or labor,
  We know who is our neighbor.

My burdens, Lord, help me to bear,
  That I new strength may gather,
My brother's burdens, too, to share:
  Because God is our Father.
    Let me not shirk
    Or pain, or work:
  If others are encumbered,
  With them I would be numbered.

If brothers near we sink in death,
  With them, I'm daily dying:
If others seek new life by faith,
  With them, to Christ I'm flying.
    Their woes are mine,
    And this the sign:
  World round, there is no other:
  Christ is our Elder Brother!

It is the law of Christ Himself,
  He took our woes to save us;
For God is love, not ease or pelf:

And love is what He gave us.
Though faith be dim,
I'll follow Him,
Great Captain of salvation;
Whate'er my lot or station.

The burden-bearer I will find,
And try love's best to ease him:
Seeking within, the Master's mind;
And hoping thus to please Him:
That He may say,
On that great Day,
When He His own shall gather:
Come, blessed of my Father!

V.

THE FIRST AND THE LAST ADAM.

I Cor. xv : 45.—"And so it is written, The first man Adam was made a living soul: the last Adam was made a quickening spirit."

The material origin of man, as the Bible gives it, has this argument in its favor: That what man was before God breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, man becomes when this breath of God is taken away. He was dust; he becomes dust. God calls His spirit out of eternal silence, and gives it a body to walk about in for threescore years and ten. He recalls that spirit; the clay-tenement crumbles to ashes, and dissolves back to its original elements. "Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was." "The first man is of the earth, earthy."

It is a hard sentence, this of physical death, that passes upon the forms of those we love; that they prove by their very dissolution and decay that they are made of the very constituents of the earth; that they deserve the epithet Adam, red-earth, as much as the first of the series. God made the outer structure of the first man directly from the dust. He makes the outer structure of every succeeding man indirectly from the dust. Think of it a moment! The rock melts and disintegrates under the weather: winter, summer, sunshine, tempest, God's ana-

lytic chemists; and the stream glad of its mountain theft, bears the virgin soil upon its moving bosom to the plain. There the trees root, and the grass grows, and the cattle are fed, and man has his habitation; and the earth ministers to his material life. What was once part of the granite-hills becomes transmuted by the alchemy of the first Maker of the first man, into bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh; and we are still Adam's sons and daughters. But these bodies which earth thus puts up and repairs for our temporary uses, she keeps mortgaged, and we are constantly paying interest on the mortgage; and by and by she forecloses, she takes possession; and we go back to her as to our mother. Mother-Earth! Ah! well may we call her so. Mother to the body from the day our little infant-lungs drink in the breath of life from God's great sea of life which envelopes her as an atmosphere, and the bystanders know that there is another son of man born into the world, to the day when our heads, snow-crowned or bald from the beating of life's tempests, are pillowed for the last sleep on her breast, and the bystanders know that there is another son of God gone home to his Father's House. "The dust to the earth as it was, and the spirit to God who gave it." Mother-Earth! that feeds us, and clothes us, and finally wraps us to her bosom, and we sleep in her chambers.

The subject which the text suggests, is

THE FIRST AND THE LAST ADAM.

And I remark,

I. That our relation to the first Adam is something for which we are not accountable. It has always seemed to

me that the first Adam is a great deal more in me when I sin, than it was in him when he sinned. God made Adam a living soul; God made Eve the mother of all the living. Our being at all, God has made to depend upon our ancestors; upon some Adam and Eve who have succeeded them. So far as the Creator is concerned, He opens a new account with every new creature born into the world; takes him as he is, and makes his best, possible for him. It is often argued that we of this late generation in the world's history are at great disadvantage, being the heirs of so much weakness and misery; that it would have been better for us could we have been born earlier; in Eden itself; in the times of the patriarchs; of the Jewish commonwealth; of the primitive Christian Church. Are we not the heirs of the wisdom of the ages? Are we any more fallen than Adam?

Being at all is wholly the work of God. He made the law of our being. Says Frederick William Faber: "Man's being born was a tremendous act; yet it was not his own. It has entangled him in quantities of difficult problems, and implicated him in numberless responsibilities. In fact, he has in him an absolute inevitable necessity either of endless joy or endless misery, though he is free to choose between the two. Annihilation he is not free to choose. Reach out into the oncoming Eternity as far as fancy can, there still will this man be, simply because he has been already born. The consequences of his birth are not only unspeakable in their magnitude, they are simply eternal. Yet, he was not consulted about his own birth. He was not offered the choice of being, or not being."

The solidarity of the human race; their having origi-

nated from a single family centre; the constitution of humanity from a single head, and the power given to this first pair to people the earth with their descendants; this is one of the fundamental truths of Revelation. The first Adam is as much a part of Revelation as the last. It used to be regarded a very arbitrary and tyrannical thing, that way back in those Eden-lands of being, God should so bind in one bundle, all humanity; should make human condition and destiny so largely to hinge upon original parentage; should, in the old phraseology, so covenant with our first parents. But the infidel philosophy of the present day binds in one bundle not only all humanity, but all the lower animals; nay, all vegetable life: starts humanity not at Adam a living soul, with a Creator behind him, but at Adam, red-earth: inorganic matter with no Creator behind it; inorganic matter existing from eternity; teaches the solidarity of all organic life; and self-originated at that. Infidelity that used to find it so hard to conceive of God's infinite attributes, has given them all to the senseless clod that the rude swain turns with his share and treads upon.

When God called to Cain after he had taken the life of his brother Abel, this was his question: "What hast thou done?" It was not the fact, it was the measure of the fact which was the burden of the inquiry. The fact was patent enough, but not the measure of it. To take life; to terminate being begun; to rob the living of their power over this life; to prevent them from shaping aright the life to come; to lay violent hands upon a living soul; this is an awful thing. But Abel's life as little as his death was his own act. And is not the question, "What hast thou done?" quite as appropriate to the

giving of life as the taking of it. The fact is patent enough; but the measure of the fact, who can take it in but God Himself? "And the Lord God formed man out of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life; and man became a living soul." Lord of creation, and yet how dependent upon it! At the mercy of the earth he treads upon. Dependent upon the vegetable world to get nourishment out of it for him; upon the animal world for food and clothing. Incomplete in everything he does, did not God direct and supplement it by some other department of His works. Planting and watering, while God only gives the increase. And yet having so much of God's image, so much creative and organizing power, that wherever he goes, he leaves the imprint of his energy; the impression of his moral character, good or bad!

At the birth of Cain, his mother said, "I have gotten a man from the Lord." There is so much of God in every creature of God; such a hiding of the power of the Creator; so much of good, if the creature be good; so much of evil if the creature be evil, that man justifies his origin. Wickedness in some men, and at some periods, has an energy which is not of this world. Take the one hundred hours of the French Revolution, from September 2d, to September 6th, 1792. Read from the history of that period. "How it was, and went, what part might be premeditated, what was improvised and accidental, man will never know till the great Day of Judgment make it known. In this Paris there are as wicked men as exist in all the earth; to be hired and set on; to set on of their own accord, unhired. From the purpose of crime to the act of crime there is an abyss; wonderful

to think of. The finger lies on the pistol; but the man is not yet a murderer. Nay, his whole nature staggering at such consummation, is there not a confused pause, rather one last instant of possibility for him? Not yet a murderer! It is at the mercy of light trifles whether the most fixed idea may not yet become unfixed. One slight twitch of the muscle, the death-flash bursts; and he is it, and will for eternity be it; and earth has become a penal Tartarus for him; his horizon girdled now, not with golden hope, but with red flames of remorse; voices from the depths of nature sounding "Woe! woe on him!" Of such stuff are we all made; on such powder-mines of bottomless guilt and criminality; if God restrained not, as is well said, does the purest of us walk. There are depths in man that go to the length of lowest Hell, as there are heights which reach highest Heaven; for, are not both Heaven and Hell made out of him, made by him, everlasting miracle and mystery as he is?"

This alternative is before every creature born in the image of the first Adam; to make for himself a Heaven or a Hell. This inheritance, being gives to us all who have descended from the first Adam. We hear a great deal about the progress of civilization. What do we mean? Men do not indeed cease to wage war with each other; to take each other's lives. But they nurse each other's wounded; they protect the women and children; they even perfect weapons to make the work of destruction as immediate and complete as possible; they shoot each other quick. Civilization applies to laws, manners, institutions. Christianity has introduced new ideals among men. These new ideals affect and modify human life. They relate to the care for the weakest; whether among

men or nations; to the responsibility of the well-to-do, for the ill-to-do; to humanity, to children, prisoners, the sick, even the brutes that perish; in a word, spring from the application of the golden rule to men's dealings one with another, so far as these can be controlled by outward safeguards. This we call the progress of civilization. But does civilization affect the kind of man that is born into this world? Does not the first Adam still beget sons in his own image? Is the man of the nineteenth century any different from the immediate children of Adam and Eve? In outward things, he is. Before the abolition of the trade in slaves; before slavers were driven from the high seas, what would the recent opening of the great African Continent mean? Merely the enlargement of the great slave-producing territories of the world. To the commercial world, now, it means the enlargement of the area of the earth's surface which can be devoted to productions in which men legitimately traffic. Men no longer sell each other. Christianity, the Christian nations, have driven slavery to the moles and bats of the kingdom of darkness. Did you ever think how largely David Livingstone represented, not only the kingdom of his Master and Lord, but civilization itself? He had a Bible; but he had his theodolite, his telescope, his microscope as well. At his rude cart he led in triumph, on that lone progress of his, all the genii of all the arts and sciences. He represented the geographer, the geologist, the astronomer, the botanist, the physician, the mercantile explorer. Civilization is working in all these directions. And this is what the opening of Africa means to the world.

Take such a book as Draper's Intellectual Development

of Europe; begin with the middle ages and come down to our own time. What a change! Think of man as he was before the Reformation; before maritime discoveries; before the invention of the telescope, of printing; before he knew that the earth was not the centre of the solar system; think of him now; every nation a brother-nation; every man a brother-man. This is what Draper calls the progress of civilization; the intellectual development of humanity. But mark this, that while man knows so much more about all material things; is so much better provided for, as to the comforts and luxuries, has feathered his nest from all countries, he is still the same child of Adam that he was before the flood. In whatever latitude, of whatever complexion, you recognize him every time.

The reason the Bible holds its place among men is because it describes men, not in their external appearance, not in their habitations and manners; not in anything that is ephemeral or transitory, but in those particulars in which they have always been alike from the beginning of time; in which they will always be alike to the end of time. "As face answers to face in water, so the heart of man to man." Show a Hindoo, a Laplander, a Hottentot, a Greek, a Roman, an Englishman, not the face, the costume, the dwelling, but the heart of Jacob, or Joseph; of David, or Daniel; of Peter or John, and you have fascinated him at once. That heart answers to his heart, and holds him. He knows him to be a brother-man from what he knows of himself.

The test of what civilization does, is to be applied right here. The race has made great material conquests. But man remains the same. He is the same he was in

Shakespeare's time. Shakespeare delineated men from what he knew of man. Let those whose theories lead them to believe that humanity has become different from what it was when this was written: "There is none righteous, no not one; there is none that understandeth: there is none that seeketh after God; they are all gone out of the way; they are altogether unprofitable; there is none that doeth good, no not one; their throat is an open sepulchre; with their tongues have they used deceit; the poison of asps is under their lips; whose mouth is full of cursing and bitterness; their feet are swift to shed blood; destruction and misery are in their ways; and the way of peace have they not known; there is no fear of God before their eyes;" let them, I say, introduce their artificial characters, their puppets of pantomime, their imaginary man and woman into the drama, and humanity would repudiate them as unnatural. They want the real Lady Macbeth, the real Iago, the real Hamlet's uncle. They are the true sons and daughters of Adam, as the pen of inspiration delineated them, these that figure in dramas and poems and romances.

The fascination of the drama is, that it takes a single human passion, common to the whole human family; that we feel is a part of us, and puts it in the focus of strong light and holds it up to us as in a mirror. As Shakespeare expresses it: it "holds, as it were, the mirror up to nature; shows virtue her own feature; scorn her own image; and the very age and body of the time, his form and pressure." The true drama does not put anything into man which is not already there. If it is attempted we repudiate it. The French Revolution did not put anything into humanity which was not already

there. Those hundred hours of terror, when man's passions became volcanic, and burst all natural restraints, and the streets of Paris flowed with blood, and men and women seemed more like fiends than human beings; only revealed what is potential in human nature; what lies coiled up in snaky folds in the best of us, if the restraints of man and God be taken off. And the test which we apply both to the drama and to history, shows that we believe humanity fallen; liable to be overtaken by temptations; capable of doing the very things that Lady Macbeth did; that Iago did; that Othello did; that make bloody the very ink with which history is written; ay, with which the occurrences of daily life are recorded.

I do not care what you call this tendency to evil. If you admit the tendency; that you and I and all humanity are involved in it; that it comes to us by natural inheritance; that as you have inherited it from your father, so you are certain to transmit it to your child; if you admit our relation to the First Adam, I want

II. To call your attention to our relation to the Last Adam. This is voluntary. This is something over which you and I have control. Our first birth from Adam we could not help. We have been launched upon this sea of being with all the uncertainties of the voyage before us; most of us, indeed, in Christian homes, and with the benedictions of those who love God and us. It is true, we may turn around upon the constitution of humanity which binds us to the first Adam, and gnaw it as the viper in the fable gnawed the file. We may say that such a constitution of things is unworthy of any Creator; that if there be such a constitution of things, then we absolutely disbelieve in a Creator; repudiate Him. This a great many people

do. That is, finding themselves launched without their will upon this voyage of life, they determine to let the winds and waves take control of their bark, and let it drift where it will; not to consult the heavens as to their proper direction; not to take the wheel in hand and seek to enter the true haven of blessedness and rest, but to drift wherever they may, though it be to perdition.

I admit the seriousness of the situation; I admit that there are some great mysteries in it; but there are mysteries everywhere. And I find it easier to believe in a God, than to believe in no God. Without a God the mysteries are greater, and there is no alternative for them. The more life seems a wilderness to be trodden by me alone, the more I feel the need of One, who though He does not explain all things, does explain some things; and in whose satisfactory explanation of all things I can trust. "The first Adam was made a living soul." Out of this Adam I sprang. I bear his image. I inherit his alienation from God. To-day this alienation is my own choice; is a habit, and this is my work. The moment this ceases to be voluntary, another Adam rises to my view; the Head of a New Race. "The Last Adam was a quickening spirit." I am urged to transfer my relation from the First Adam to the Second. This is the burden of the Bible. This is the way the case stands. I see my relation to the first Adam; I am swept along with humanity as by a mighty current. The things I would, I do not; the things I would not, those I do. This picture of humanity which the Bible records; which profane history records; which the daily Journals record; which is the only one recognized as genuine by art itself; I say to myself: "This is the humanity of which I am part.

I am not in sympathy with it. I may not be able to prevent other men from going wrong; but I can cease to go wrong myself. I can not make other men prayerful and godly, but I can become prayerful and godly myself. If humanity is made up of an aggregate of units, I can make one unit less in the aggregate of evil, and add one more unit to the aggregate of good. Here is a Being, who if I link myself to Him by repentance and faith, will be within me a quickening Spirit; will change the tendency of my nature which I inherit; will restrain that power toward evil which I see breaking out in other men, and know to be in myself; will soothe me in my sorrows; will be a Friend sticking closer than a brother." And I hesitate. My relation to Him thus far has been one of voluntary distance. He has said: "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest." And I have said in my inmost soul, "I never will do that until I understand the justice of my being made to descend from Adam; I never will do that until it is explained to me why the Christian Era did not begin with Moses, with Abraham, with Adam himself; why this long, painful process of reaching so important a truth as Christianity."

Here we begin to see just how far our relation to the first Adam is involuntary. It is involuntary in so far as we derive our being from him as the father of all living; it is involuntary in so far as we inherit the tendency to wrong-doing; which characterizes the whole race. But the moment we choose it as compared with any other relation, as compared with relation to the Last Adam, it is voluntary. If I say, "I will understand all mysteries and knowledge; if I who breathe mysteries in my every

breath, and eat mysteries in my daily bread, and drink mysteries out of the mountain-brook which purls in the meadow; who see mysteries in the fields where feed the cattle, and in the stream where the side of the trout gleams; in the earth around me, and the heavens above me; if I who am a mystery to myself, and live among beings who are a mystery to themselves; if I who take the mysteries of this mortal life as incidental to it, without insisting upon a solution of them; if I say of the mysteries of life spiritual; of the life which embraces the being and government of God, the Eternal, the Immortal, the Invisible; these must be first solved, or I will have no part or lot in the matter," I show that my relation to the first Adam is no longer involuntary; is my own chosen destiny. I show that I prefer to stand on the old basis.

I have tried to put this case as strongly as language can put it, so far as our relation to the first Adam is a disability. I have extenuated nothing of the difficulties of it. If you and I had inherited the race-tendencies of the human family while struggling against them; if they were on us as the mountains were on the giants of old, crushing us down; keeping us from freedom and manhood as God designed it, that would be one aspect of the case. But it is not so. God has sent One here whom He calls the Last Adam. Made out of red-earth as we are; as really Son of man as any of us; but Son of God as well; not merely a living soul, but a quickening Spirit. He walks among us. We see His glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father. And He gives us power to break away from the old parent-stock, and like Him to become the sons of God! And we hesi-

tate. We want to philosophize about it; we want to be taken into the eternal council-chamber, and have the whole economy of God's moral government explained; and then we will see.

The progress of civilization, as we term it, but really the progress of the race under the uplifting power of God's grace, as seen in the God-man; through the power of the Christ-idea; the progress of civilization, which, however, accounted for, is always in some close way associated with Christianity, is only an incident of it. It is the indirect fruit of its work; like the wake of a vessel when the vessel with her precious freight has gone out of sight. Turn away from what Christianity has done on a large scale; look at what you have seen of it in your own homes. It comes to you as a remedy, not as a philosophy. It comes to you as embodying great facts in which you are vitally interested. Your relation to the first Adam through your immediate progenitors, you admit. You have taken from them that which it was according to God's law in material things that they should transmit; likeness of form, feature, intellectual qualities, moral qualities; existence that will never end. Some of them have walked with God; have been quickened by the power of the Last Adam. If a father, you could say as Carlyle said of his father: "His death was unexpected? Not so. Every morning and evening, for perhaps, sixty years, he had prayed to the great Father in words which I shall now no more hear him expressively pronounce: 'Prepare us for those solemn events, death, judgment, eternity.'" You came and went. Unstable as water in your faith, driven to and fro and tossed; he serenely lived his life through, like Enoch, walking with God un-

til he was not, because God took him. You owe him existence; you owe him more. You owe him one of the strongest proofs of the truth of Christianity. God has made him a pillar in His Temple. Stand there at his grave as you go home among your native hills where he lies buried, beside his loved ones and your loved ones; gathered into death's fellowship with his fathers; his face toward the East, that he may catch there the first light of the coming of his Lord. Commune there with your own heart and be still. Do you any more doubt that "blessed are the dead who die in the Lord?" Do you any more doubt whether your father's sense of God's presence was real or only a delusion? do you any more doubt the immortality of the soul? do you any more doubt that this man of natural descent by the First, became by the new birth, the son of the Last Adam? became a son of God?

The life of a good man, who gave testimony to the realities of religion, is not indeed of any private interpretation. It is one of the triumphs of God's grace, and belongs to the annals of the Church Universal. But though not limited to those who spring from him by natural descent, it is especially addressed to them. That your ancestor had in him the tendencies and characteristics of the first Adam, was, at first involuntary; was next a matter of indifference; became at length a matter of anxiety and alarm; until taking the proffered grace of God in Christ Jesus, he broke away from that line of descent, and was born again; and this, as he believed, and as you believe, was the secret of his life of communion with God. And this is the Gospel of this man's life. Out of his loins you sprang: he bore you in his arms

when you were taken to God's altar and dedicated to the Lord; he fed you and clothed you; he gave you your education; there was not a day of all his mortal life that he did not pray for you. And when at last it was said of him as of another: "The prayers of David, the son of Jesse are ended," there went out of the holy forces of your life, that which you can never recover. It is a great thing to have a praying father stand between us and the possible shipwreck which we may make of life. There are no more letters coming to you with the old familiar post-mark; written in the awkward, constrained, but unmistakable hand; no more counsels; no more prayers. This man, a son of the first Adam, like yourself, took all the disabilities of natural descent, as they are in creation; met all life's responsibilities, and as you believe, now stands in the presence of the redeemed. "Instead of the fathers, are the children." The same problems, the same duties, the same possibilities are before us which were before them. Shall we do as they did? Shall we receive power to become the sons of God? Or, shall we drift to and fro, and pass away?

"And so it is written, The first man Adam was made a living soul; the last Adam was made a quickening Spirit." Between these two Adams you and I stand. If our relation to the first Adam is involuntary; if it involves us in that from which we would escape; let us seek the quickening power of the last Adam. From the first Adam, we take the sentence: "In the day thou eatest thereof, thou shalt surely die." "So death has passed upon all men, in that all have sinned." Physical death we can not escape, but we can escape its sting. We can take refuge in Him who has tasted death for us; and

who has said, "He that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live. And he that liveth and believeth in me, shall never die."

"Thou who did'st make, and know'st whereof wer'e made,
O bear in mind our dust and nothingness!
Our wordless, tearless, dumbness of distress:
Bear thou in mind the burden thou hast laid
Upon us, and our feebleness unstayed
Except thou stay us. For, the long, long race
Which stretches far and far before our face,
Thou know'st. Remember thou whereof we're made.
If making makes us thine, then thine we are;
And if redemption, we are twice thine own:
If, once thou did'st come down from Heav'n afar
To seek us, and to find us: how not save?
Comfort us, save us, leave us not alone,
Thou who did'st die our death, and fill our grave."

VI.

THE ONENESS OF BLOOD OF ALL HUMANITY.

Acts xvii: 26.—"And hath made of one blood all nations of men, for to dwell on all the face of the earth; and hath determined the times before appointed, and the bounds of their habitation."

There is nothing that the Bible holds to more tenaciously than the unity of the human family. It is like the unity of God; a fundamental doctrine. As there is but one God, so there is but one man, made in the image of God. A few years ago the popular view of modern science was, that man could not have originated from one parent-centre; that the difference in complexion, hair, shape of the skull, conformation of the pelvis, and the character of the languages proves this. And so we had the white and the black, the yellow and the red; we had the straight-haired, and the crisp-haired; the high-skull, the broad-skull, and the long-skull; the straight-nose and the flat-nose as the standards of classification. In their Types of Mankind, Nott and Glyddon insisted that there must bave been, at least, eight different centres of origin or creation, constituting as many different species, fundamentally distinct, both in body, mind and soul. The statement of inspiration in the

Bible went for nothing. Let the Bible get out of the way or be run over. But what do we see now? What reading this of a half-generation ago! A man arises with the speculation that humanity itself has sprung from protoplasm; has evolved itself up through ages of ape-life and monkey-life; and, presto, all these unanswerable arguments against the unity of the human family are gone forever. This conjecture with gaps in it, eons on eons apart; this hypothesis has answered everything. And modern science which never would submit to the dogma that the human family is one, because forsooth, it had such insurmountable race-difficulties, which never could be removed; is now content to waive all these difficulties in favor of an uninspired and unsustained hypothesis which an eminent naturalist believes he has proved to be probable, by his observation of the changes wrought in different varieties of pigeons by inter-breeding. A few years ago, it was argued against the Bible statement of the unity of the human family, that the gulf between the different races was so great that it could not be bridged by the effect wrought by different climate, different manner of life, different circumstances. Although the same variations were in animals, trees, grasses, flowers, it took at least eight different race-centres to account for these. But now we are asked to believe, that the sfruggle for existence is sufficient to account for the change in plants and animals, so that they were evolved from the lowest order of existence to the very highest; from protoplasm to the brain of the thinking man, who studies God's works, and thinks it no effrontery to believe that he can become a son of God. May we not say, "O Modern

Science, great is thy faith!" "I have not found so great faith, no, not in all Israel."

The text teaches

THE ONENESS OF BLOOD OF ALL HUMANITY.

"And hath made of one blood all nations of men."

How very shallow the physiology of the students of natural science who have tried to classify the different races of mankind according to some outward peculiarity, such as the hair, the nose, the skull, the body. The Bible teaches what microscopic studies of the latest date but corroborates: that the life of man is in the blood; that in the blood is going on that wondrous process at the loom of our being, by which the anatomy and physiology of the human body are woven; are maintained; are repaired against wear and waste; are developed from the germinal form, in which yet all our members are written, to the fullness of the stature of the perfect man. The blood is the laboratory where the unseen Workman sits, who first breathed into man's nostrils the breath of life, and he became a living soul. In the blood is the body's life. Reduce the blood, you reduce the body's life. Poison the blood, you poison the body's life. Take away the blood, and you take away the life.

Says Delitzsch, in his system of Biblical Psychology: "The blood is not only the all-conditioning basis, but also the all-embracing source of physical life. Scripture expresses itself on this point as decidedly as possible, (certainly without purposing to give us physiological information,) when in Acts 17 : 26, it says that God has made of one blood all nations of men, to dwell on all the face of the earth; and in John 1 : 13, when it says,

that man by nature is born of blood. The blood is there plainly considered as the original material, and as it were the chaos from which the whole human organism proceeds. This view, moreover, is scientifically confirmed; for it is generally acknowledged, that from the point at which in the embryo, the nervous marrow and blood have come into existence, all further secretion and formation arises from the blood; and that even after birth, in every body endowed with soul, all the material for growth, that is, for all sorts of nourishment as well as for secretion, proceeds from the blood. The same acknowledgment, not as yet scientifically stated, lies at the basis of the Biblical prohibition of the eating of blood. The blood is thus stringently forbidden, because it is the substantial centre whence the animal life in all its forms is radiated into development. Everything fluid and firm, which in the body endowed with soul separates itself by way of assimilation or secretion, exists already either as a product, or else potentially in the blood. The immanence of the soul in the body is thus physically regarded no where so intensive as in the blood. The blood is the soul, not only as the principle of bodily life, but also as the principle of bodily formation in its sensible manifestation." And so also, Roesch, in his work on "The meaning of Blood: "The blood as the primitive fluid, is a homogeneous liquid, which notwithstanding contains all differences, whereby it is possible that even the most different things can be formed from it, and be nourished from it; depositing this in one place and that in another; and thus it is dispersed, as the light is broken up into colors." And this certainly gives great force to the words of the Saviour: "Except ye drink the blood of

the Son of Man, ye have no life in you. Whoso drinketh my blood, hath eternal life." The blood is the life of the natural man; the blood is the life also of the spiritual man. In one man, the life of Jesus puts on this grace, in another, the other.

But it is not of one blood physiologically that the Apostle speaks. He is laying the foundation for something higher. The Jews had a race-prejudice; but no less the Greeks. To the Jews the Greeks were barbarians; to the Greeks the Jews. Indeed, it had been the policy of Mosaic institutions to insulate the Hebrews from all other nations. This was done, just as God in Nature protects precious seeds with barbed points and husks difficult to burst, until the fullness of time. Michaelis says, "If the regulations laid down by Moses had little tendency to draw strangers into the land, they were admirably calculated to prevent any Israelite from being lost to the State by settling in a foreign country. This he could never do without a certain loss, to submit to which he must have been tempted to very advantageous offers abroad; for every Israelite had his hereditary land, which he could not sell in perpetuity, and which, of course, by ceasing to be an Israelite citizen, he forfeited. Besides, their whole plan of life was so regulated that they could not have much intercourse with other nations; and many of their customs, which were converted into laws, were so contrary to the customs of foreign nations, as effectually to prevent any intimate connection with them. Moses was no less careful to guard against the danger of the Israelitish state ever becoming dependent on any foreign nation. He had confined it within certain distinct boundaries, with a view to prevent any foreign

conqueror from having any pretext to annex it to his conquests; and he had, moreover, expressly interdicted the people from ever choosing a foreigner to be their king."

The best summary of the intense Hebraism of the Jews is given us by the Apostle Paul himself. It is in his epistle to the Christians at the political capital of the proudest and noblest pagan nation then upon the face of the earth; to the nation of Cæsar and Cicero; of Horace and Sallust: "Who are Israelites; to whom pertained the adoption and the glory, and the covenant, and the giving of the law, and the service of God, and the promises; whose are the fathers, and of whom, as concerning the flesh, Christ came; who is over all, God blessed forever, Amen." Here is a record which might well tempt a nation to exclusiveness. The living God had chosen them to be His peculiar people. He had chosen them as the depositary of the seed-idea in religion which all the rest of the world needed to have; which all the world were to know through them. And in the incarnation this seed-idea cast off its hirsute covering, burst its old bigoted shell, and was recognized as no longer for any one nation, but for all nations; since the Man of Nazareth has the common blood of humanity coursing through his veins; since He is the Son of Man. And here standing among the descendants of the other noble nation of antiquity, to which in art all the future was to owe so much; the Apostle, a Jew by birth, a Roman by privilege, teaches the universal brotherhood of mankind, as the offspring of one Eternal Father.

This brotherhood is not to be sought in the complexion, in the features, in the anatomical structure; though

it is to be found even there. It is to be sought first in the susceptibility to intellectual improvement. You can teach some of the lower animals a great many interesting things. There is a kind of thinking power in the bird, the horse, the dog, and even in the hog. But how much this is the result of habit, of necessary automatic action it is difficult to tell. When the Newfoundland plunges in and saves the drowning child ; when the horse kneels for his mistress to mount and dismount ; when the learned pig picks out numbers which are the solution of some erudite mathematical problem, such as that two and two make four, we know that they have gone just as far as they can. They have no capacity for intellectual development. But the moment you strike a human being, even such a degraded creature, as Shakespeare represents in his Caliban, he can be taught how to name the bigger light, and how the less ; how to give up his unmeaning gabble for intelligent speech ; how to do the lower offices of human toil. You can build him up, generation after generation until he shall walk in the clearer light, and breathe the purer air of a higher civilization. This susceptibility of mental culture and advancement belongs only to man. The moment you find it, whatever the complexion, the features, the figure, you find a man made in the image of God. This differentiates him from all that is beneath him ; this links him to all that is above ; even to the Creator himself.

It is a singular fact, and shows how superficial our judgment in such matters ; how much race-bigotry distinguishes the Anglo-Saxons as well as the Jews ; that it is very hard for us to appreciate how the Chinese, who wear wooden shoes, and loose gowns, and long queues,

can be as intelligent in all matters studied in schools and colleges as Americans. While the truth is, that they usually get all the prizes, even when their text-books are in a foreign language, and they are taught by Professors who are foreigners. And the old argument against the Africans as actually belonging to the one human race, of which the Anglo-Saxons claim to be the highest type, and the North American Indian as capable of being anything better than the wild men their fathers were, has always been, that with both of these abused and despised races, there is a similar limit to their power of progress, as to that of the dog and the horse. That even the Creator has said, "Thus far, and no farther." How many times have we heard the question, "WelI, do you really think the representatives of these races are susceptible of the largest intellectual culture?" It is not a great many years back to the period when all over this country there were learned statesmen and divines who argued that the best condition of the Africans was that of servitude; because, forsooth, they were not capable of those great powers requisite to a suitable care for themselves. They could nurse and bring up white children, but they could not nurse and bring up their own. They could do field work for two races, but not for one. Even so great a man as John C. Calhoun, of South Carolina, when Secretary of State, wrote a State Paper to the British Government, urging that in this country, at least, the African was better off when a slave, than when free.

In one of his letters home to his daughter Agnes, Livingstone describes a young gorilla, which an African chief had presented to him: "She sits crouching, eighteen inches high, and is the most intelligent and least

mischievous of all the monkeys I have seen. She holds out her hand to be lifted and carried, and if refused, makes her face as in a bitter human weeping, and wrings her hands quite humanly, sometimes adding a foot or a third hand to make the appeal more touching. She knew me at once as a friend, and when plagued by any one always placed her back to me for safety; came and sat on my mat; decently made a nest of grass and leaves, and covered herself with the mat to sleep. I can not take her with me, though I fear she will die from people plaguing her, before my return. I am mobbed enough alone—two sokos, she and I—would not have got breath." Now no intelligent person believes that whatever such a creature may learn by imitation, she has that kind of intelligence by which she may pass over the gulf between herself and humanity. Think of the difference between that man Livingstone, nay, the humblest of the residents of that dark continent and this poor monkey, and then reflect, that it is the wisest guess of modern science that man who has filled the earth with his books and his monuments, had such an origin! To my mind, the strongest argument for this is the hypothesis itself. "It is a long way," says Mr. Emerson, "from the gorilla to the gentleman; from the gorilla to Plato, Newton, Shakespeare; to the sanctities of religion, to the refinements of legislation, to the summits of science, art, poetry."

But intelligence is not the highest faculty in man; though it is a faculty which separates him forever from the brute creation. The gorilla never can think herself into being human, because Darwin's pigeons could be so crossed as to make fan-tails, feathered-feet, pouters. Be-

tween her and humanity there is a great gulf fixed; so that there is no passing backward and forth. And no man endowed with intelligence can get rid of the responsibilty of being a thinking being; can think himself back to his hypothecated ape-ancestors, and thus escape accountability to God. But there is another faculty which belongs to man that is, if possible, more human than intelligence. I mean moral sense; the power to discern between good and evil; the power, nay, the necessity to pass judgment between things good and evil. Because the decision of the moral sense is dependent upon the degree of intelligence, there are those who do not regard this faculty as a very certain or commanding one. Conscience is like the polar needle. Clear it of all obstructions; liberate it from all influences which tempt it to deviate, and its decisions will be accurate, and according to the judgment of God. There are certain decisions of conscience which are alike the world over. Those islanders who saw the viper come out of the fire and fasten on the hand of the Apostle Paul, said at first: "He is a criminal, and now God has arrested him." But when he shook the creature off, and had no harm, they regarded him not a criminal, but a favorite of Heaven. It was the voice of conscience. It is this conscience in man which makes it possible to do something for him; something to bring him back to God.

Take the case of that African, who, after sitting in Livingstone's hut for some time in deep thought, said to him, addressing him with a pompous title: "I wish you would change my heart! Give me medicine to change it; for it is proud, proud and angry always." Dr. Livingstone lifted up the Testament, and was about to tell

him of the only way in which a heart can be changed, but he interrupted, saying, "Nay, I wish to have it changed by medicine; to drink and have it changed at once; for it is always proud, and very uneasy, and continually angry with some one." This poor heathen thus revealed that he belonged to the human family. And right in this connection, and as illustrating just what he meant by being cured of his bad heart by drinking something, how almost suggestive of the words: "He that drinketh my blood hath eternal life." Let me quote from a letter of Livingstone to Dr. Risden Bennett, describing what superior patients the Bechuanas are: "They are excellent patients. There is no wincing. Everything prescribed is done instanter. Their only failing is, that they become tired of a long course. I have been astonished over and over again at their calmness. In cutting out a tumor an inch in diameter, they sit and talk as if they felt nothing. 'A man like me,' they say, 'never cries. They are children who cry.'" And it is a fact, that the men never cry. But when the Spirit of God works on their minds they cry most piteously. Sometimes in church they endeavor to screen themselves from the eyes of the preacher, by hiding under the forms, or covering their heads with their karosses, as a remedy against their convictions. And when they find that will not do, they rush out of the church and run with all their might, crying as if the hand of death were behind them. One would think when they got away they would not return, but there they are in their places at the very next meeting. It is not to be wondered at that they should exhibit agitation of the body when the mind is affected, as they are quite unaccustomed

to restrain their feelings. But that the hardened beings should be moved mentally at all, is wonderful indeed. If you saw them in their savage state you would feel the force of this more."

Moral and spiritual phenomena are just as much in the line of the investigation of the true philosopher as material ones. Here is this peculiarity of the human race that brings them face to face with their own wrong-doing; face to face with their consciences, and with Him who is back of conscience with all of us; and what then? The same result every time. Self-condemnation! You who study the cranial bones, and the ethnoid bone, and the conformation of the face, and the structure of the heel, and the kink of the hair, pause a moment here. Here is something in which man is utterly unlike dogs, horses, birds, gorillas, everything in creation beneath and around him, and always like his brother-man, the world over. Wrong is a possibility with him. He knows when he has done wrong; he feels it in his inmost self; it is like a fire in his bones; it is as a fever in his blood; it is as though the windows of his soul were draped in black till he is forgiven. Come, you blue-eyed, flaxen-haired Anglo-Saxon, you heir to all the great deeds, and great thoughts of mankind; you knight-errant to avenge the wrongs of all the oppressed; you apostle-of-God to the benighted; come kneel here at the altar of God with your black-skinned, and yellow-skinned, and red-skinned brother-man, who comes from the East, and the West, and the North, and the South; kneel here at the altar of Him who has made of one blood all the nations of men, for to dwell on all the face of the earth, and take upon your lips the one petition which belts the whole earth: "God

be merciful to me a sinner." Talk about eight great race-centres of creation necessary to account for physical differences. I bring you this single law of similarity and identity, and ask you to account for it in any other way than as the Bible does. There has some great catastrophe befallen the human family in its race-head, and all round the earth, in Europe, Asia, Africa, America, in the polar and the tropic islands, we find the same traces of it. Tell me that conscience is a matter of education. It is an inherent faculty of the soul; it is the mariner's compass of the soul, pointing ever up to God and to Heaven. And you find it only in man; and you find it in man everywhere upon the face of the earth. "It can be educated?" Yes, just as you can make the mariner's compass more and more delicate. The difference between the conscience of a benighted heathen and that of the young man of Hebrew history who said to the tempter, "How can I do this great wickedness and sin against God?" is not a difference in kind, but a difference in degree.

When God walks in the trees of the Garden of Eden at the close of the day, and Adam hears his voice asking, "Where art thou?" the wise men of modern days tell you it is an allegory. It is no allegory. It is a fact; an eternal fact; a present fact. You and I have heard that voice. You and I have hid ourselves as Adam did; as did the Bechuanas, whom Livingstone describes. There is not a night in which the stars come out on high; there is not a tempest which gathers in the heavens, or which breaks in Ocean's great voice against the solid earth; there is not an awakening of conscience under the chastening of God's voice, whether in Nature, in His Provi-

dence, or in His Word, but attests the truth of this. An allegory is something which suggests truth indirectly. But the sin of Adam in Eden suggests it directly. And there is not a son of Adam, nor a daughter of Eve who does not inwardly confess it.

The sorrows of humanity, again, prove the unity of the race. The representative Man of the race was a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief. Jacob said of Benjamin, when at Joseph's suggestion, his brethren tried to persuade their father to let him go down with them into Egypt: "My son shall not go down with you, for his brother is dead, and he is left alone. If mischief befall him by the way in which ye go, then shall ye bring down my grey hairs with sorrow to the grave." It is true, that "without natural affection," is one of the indictments brought against heathenism. But when his daughter Tullia dies, the orator Cicero is inconsolable. Opening the life of the great commoner, Richard Cobden, —with John Bright, so true a friend to this nation in her great calamity—I read this: "At this moment, Cobden was stricken by one of those cruel blows from which men and women often recover, but after which, they are never again what they were before. He lost his only son, a boy of singular energy and promise. The boy, now fifteen years old, was at school at Weinheim, about fourteen miles from Heidelberg. He was suddenly seized with an attack of scarlet fever, and died before his parents at home even knew that he was ill. There was nothing to soften the horror of the shock." This is the great statesman's own account of it: "I had invited Colonel Fitzmayer, from the Crimea, to breakfast at nine on Thursday. When I came down from my sleeping room, I

found him and the breakfast waiting. My letters were lying on the table, and I apologized for opening them before beginning our meal; and the third letter I found, informed me that my dear boy, who by the latest accounts, was described as the healthiest and strongest in the school, was dead and in his grave." He then had to ride five hours with the awful secret in his bosom, and dreading to meet his wife to whom he was obliged to communicate it. And her he found fresh from reading a letter which their son had written a few days before his death. "I have been told," says his biographer, "how he entered his house at night-fall, and met his wife unexpectedly on the threshhold. She uttered an exclamation as she caught his haggard and stricken face. His little children were making merry in the drawing-room. He could only creep to his room, where he sat with bent head, and prostrate, unstrung limbs. When the first hours were over, and the unhappy mother realized what had befallen her, she sat for many days like a statue of marble, neither speaking nor seeming to hear; her eyes not even turning to notice her little girl, whom they placed upon her knee; her hair blanching with the hours." And so this great commoner, during the period of his heaviest public duties—for it was during the Crimean War—devotes himself to nursing and comforting his stricken wife, who barely escaped with her life.

Livingstone says of the grave of his wife in the heart of Africa: "She rests by the baobab-tree at Shupanga, which is sixty-feet in circumference. The men asked to be allowed to mount guard till we had got the grave built up, out of bricks dug from the old house." And a few days later, he writes in his Journal, "My dear, dear

Mary has been a fortnight in Heaven; absent from the body, present with the Lord." He had written in 1850, ten years earlier: "Our last child, a sweet little girl with blue eyes was taken from us to join the company of the redeemed, through the merits of Him of whom she had never heard. It is wonderful how soon the affections twine around a little stranger. We felt our loss keenly. Previous to expiring, she uttered a piercing cry, and then went away to see the King in His beauty; and the land, the glorious land and its inhabitants. Her's is the first grave in all that country marked as the resting-place of one, of whom it is believed and confessed, that she shall live again."

Our American Bryant has said,

"All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes,
That slumber in its bosom."

And all these tribes have gone down to their resting-places mourned by the living. Long before the death of Mary Moffat Livingstone or her little babe, the mourners for the dead were in Africa; the same kind of sorrow was there, which Richard Cobden had in England; which you and I have in America; sorrow respecting the dead, which to the vast multitude of the human family, to all men out of Christ, is sorrow without hope. Shakespeare says that

"One touch of nature makes the whole world kin."

These sorrows of nature make the whole world kin. A few days ago in this city, a man who is regarded the Apostle of modern infidelity, spoke these words over the dust of his dead friend: "Again are we face to face with the great mystery that shrouds the world. We question, but there is no reply. Out on the wide, waste seas, there

drifts no spar. Over the desert of death the sphynx gazes forever, but never speaks. In the very May of life another heart has ceased to beat. Night has fallen upon noon; but he lived, he loved, he was loved. Wife and children pressed their kisses on his lips. This is enough. The longest life contains no more. This fills the vase of joy."

Ah! how cold and shallow and superficial and forbidding such a view of life! This is in one of Livingstone's letters to Mary Moffat, just before their marriage: "And now dearest, farewell, may God bless you. Let your affection be toward Him, much more than toward me, and kept by His mighty power and grace, I hope that I shall never cause you to regret that you have given me a part. Whatever friendship we may feel toward each other, let us always look to Jesus as our common friend and guide. May He shield you in His everlasting arms, from every evil." And this is from one of Mary Moffat's mother's letters to her daughter: "Yes, I do feel solemn at death; but there is no melancholy about it. For what is our life, so short and transient? And seeing it is so, we should be happy to do and suffer as much as we can for Him who bought us with His own blood. Should you go to those wilds which God has enabled your husband to penetrate through numerous dangers and deaths, there to spend the remainder of your life, and as a consequence, there to suffer manifold privations in addition to the trials which you have already passed; you will not think all too much, when you stand with that multitude who have washed their robes in the blood of the Lamb. Yet my dear Mary, while we are yet in the flesh, my heart will yearn over you. You are my own dear child, my first born."

What a different plane this from that occupied by this Apostle of Infidelity! Here are those, the heroes and heroines of humanity, who are to walk in the high places of earthly history through all time; who are to walk with Jesus in white, through all Eternity; and from their eyes, even here, the hand of their Heavenly Father wipes all tears; while for them there is no dumb, silent sphynx gazing out over the desert of death, but a voice, "In my Father's house are many mansions. I go to prepare a place for you; and if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again to receive you unto myself, that where I am, there ye may be also." What they had, all men need; all men may have in Christ Jesus.

It required a vision three times let down from Heaven to show the Apostle Peter that salvation was for the Gentiles as well as the Jews. We need no vision other than that of the Son of God becoming the Son of Man; the same blood coursing in His veins as in ours. In Him meet the wants of all nations. "As in Adam all die, so in Christ shall all be made alive." The cup of blessing which we bless, is it not the communion of the blood of Christ? The bread which we break, is it not the communion of the body of Christ? "Whoso eateth my flesh and drinketh my blood hath eternal life; and I will raise him up at the last day. He that eateth my flesh and drinketh my blood, dwelleth in me and I in Him. For my flesh is meat indeed, and my blood is drink indeed." This is the justification of that command: "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature." This is the Gospel which satisfies the mind and the heart of man; which comforts him in sorrow, and opens for him beyond the valley of the shadow of death, the portals of Eternal Life.

VII.

THE KINGDOM OF TRUTH.

JOHN XVIII: 37, 38.—"Pilate, therefore, said unto Him, Art thou a king then? Jesus answered, thou sayest that I am a king. To this end was I born, and for this cause came I into the world: that I should bear witness unto the truth. Every one that is of the truth heareth my voice. Pilate said, What is truth?"

Truth might be defined to be the shortest distance between two points; like the definition of a straight line in Geometry; like the course that an arrow takes when it speeds from the thumb of some Apollo-archer. Children, who are of God's kingdom have a genius for truth. There is not a white lie ever taught us by Society which the arrow of artless childhood has not pierced in the bull's eye. There are some people who always mean to speak the truth. They aim at the heart of things. There are others who take their stand like the duellist, as though they meant to do bloody work, but shoot into the air. They are afraid the truth will hurt somebody; and that they fear will be bad for the truth or for themselves.

Just as in architecture nothing can be done without strict regard to straight lines, so in religion nothing can be done without strict regard to truth. The Apostle says, "Yea, let God be true, and every man a liar." If

there is not truth in religion there is nothing there. To speak of it as a cunningly-devised fable is to speak of it too gently. If it is not true, it is worse than a fable. And if there is truth in it there is everything there. Heaven and earth shall pass away, but God's Word shall not pass away. God's truth will stand amid the wreck of worlds; yes, and we shall stand with it.

As between man and God the Bible reveals the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth; shows us the life and death of the God man; the shortest distance between these two points. "For there is one God, and one Mediator between God and man; the man Christ Jesus." There is no roundabout method in the Bible. "There is only One to whom the porter openeth." As between the creature and the Creator, Jesus of Nazareth says, "I am the way; no man cometh unto the Father but by Me." There He stood, in the presence of the Roman Pilate, that Man of Sorrows and acquainted with grief. There was not a line of grief in His face, but the sin of man had graven it there. The sorrows that were before Him were all written in God's purpose for man's sake. He stood there in fulfillment of God's promise in Eden; the seed of the woman about to bruise the serpent's head; having taken on Him the seed of Abraham; a partaker of our flesh and blood; about to be lifted up as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness; that through this lifting-up He might draw all men unto Himself; that through death He might destroy him that had the power of death, that is the devil, and deliver them that through fear of death were all their lifetime subject to bondage." There He stood, God's way of bringing man back to Himself; there He stood, the

Gentile saying, "Ecce Homo!" "Behold The Man!" and the Jewish populace, "Haron, Haron! Staurotheto! Staurotheto!" "Away with Him; crucify Him! crucify Him!" This is the only time the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth ever appeared incarnate; the only time that God ever took on our nature, and walked among us; and this is the way men of like passions as we are treated Him. God is love; but when He came here He came as truth. And love always walks in this guise.

The subject which I wish to lay before you this morning is

THE KINGDOM OF TRUTH.

"Pilate therfore said unto Him, "Art thou a king then?" Jesus answered, "Thou sayest that I am a king. To this end was I born, and for this cause came I into the world, that I should bear witness unto the truth."

I. I remark, that to claim that a thing is true does not make it true; does not put it within the realm of truth. Christ Jesus has laid down the landmarks of truth.

You know how Polonius humored Hamlet respecting the shape of a certain cloud which they were watching: "fooling him," as he says, "to the top of his bent." First it was like a camel, then a weasle, then a whale. This is the way some people think of truth; something like a cloud which can be shaped into whatever they like; that can be a camel, or a weasel, or a whale; or whatever you please; and so they are orthodox, or heterodox, trinitarians or unitarians as the case may be. But the Saviour speaks of truth as a realm of which He is sovereign; a kingdom of which He is the king.

The idea of a kingdom is this: A certain territory under law! In the study of medicine there is a department called Materia Medica. This department embraces the substances, mineral and vegetable, which are used in the treatment of disease. These substances are supposed to have certain properties adapted to produce certain results. They are irritants, anodynes, astringents; or they have some other quality, sought after in the physician's practice. We speak of these substances as belonging to certain kingdoms: the mineral kingdom, the vegetable kingdom; that is, realms under certain material laws. The Saviour speaks thus of the kingdom of truth. He comes here to preside over, to illustrate in life, and especially in death, a certain class of truths; to give them establishment and success in the earth; to enforce them upon our attention, and to bring us under their sway; so that we may obey them forever. For the kingdom of truth is not limited to time.

The word king is rather offensive to us who select our own rulers; though the great empire of Russia that has her coronation day during these very hours, was friendly to us in our day of need, when Mother England let Rebel cruisers pluck our ships from the deep. But in the derivation of the office, and in its functions of kingship there is something which throws light upon this discussion. A king represented a great public interest. He led armies; won victories; was the man whom emergencies put forward; whom exigencies lifted to a throne. Julius Cæsar was offered by Mark Antouy the crown of a king, and he did not refuse it as though he wanted to. It is the instinct of a rude but manly people to select their ablest man to preside over their destinies.

If this nation had lived earlier in the history of the world; had not been made up of men wiser than Greeks and Romans, had not tired of kings in the Continental condition, our Revolutionary fathers might have substituted Washington I, for George III. And modern French history shows us Napoleon the soldier made Napoleon the Emperor; and even the Republic of 1848 easily swung back to the empire by Napoleon III; while we ourselves have listened to the cry of imperialism because some of the citizens of this nation wanted to honor again the great General twice before elected President, who had led our armies to victory over the rebellion. The king of olden times was not the thin-blooded, hereditary creature that waits for the death of his predecessor that he may put on an inherited crown, but the man who had led the people up from an old regime to a better one; and who had first been crowned in the hearts of the people, before he was crowned in the capitol. Then, they did not cast shells of dynamite, but sprinkled flowers in his pathway. It is not hero-worship merely, that leads to this recognition. It is a kind of acknowledgment of public need. "Nay, but we will have a king over us," said the children of Israel to Samuel; "that we also may be like all the nations; and that our king may judge us, and go out before us, and fight our battles."

"We come now," says Carlyle, in his last lecture on heroes, "to the last form of heroism, that which we call kingship. The Commander over men, he to whose will our wills are to be subordinated; and loyally surrender themselves; and find their welfare in doing so, may be reckoned the most important of great men. He is practically the summary for us, of all the various figures of

heroism. Priest, Teacher, whatsoever of earthly or of spiritual dignity we can fancy to reside in a man embodies itself here, to command over us, to furnish us with constant, practical teaching, to tell us for the day and hour what we are to do. He is called Rex, Regulator, Roi. Our own name is still better; King, Koenning, which means Cunning, Able-Man."

The recognition given to the Lord Jesus by those who do not admit the supernatural in His life, is that He had a genius for the intuition of moral and religious truth; that is, that God furnished Him to be a great Teacher, the great Teacher among men of such truth; the very claim which He makes for Himself here. Take this, for example, from the essay of John Stuart Mill, on Theism: "About the life and sayings of Jesus there is a stamp of personal originality combined with profundity of insight, which if we abandon the idle expectation of finding scientific precision where something very different was aimed at, must place the Prophet of Nazareth even in the estimate of those who have no belief in His inspiration, in the very first rank of the men of sublime genius, of whom our species can boast. When this pre-eminent genius is combined with the qualities of probably the greatest moral reformer and martyr to that mission who ever existed upon earth, religion can not be said to have made a bad choice in pitching on this man as the ideal representative and guide of humanity; nor, even now, would it be easy for an unbeliever to find a better translation of the rule of virtue from the abstract into the concrete, than to endeavor so to live that Christ would approve our life. When to this we add, that to the conception of the rational skeptic it remains a possibility

that Christ actually was what He supposed Himself to be, a man charged with a special, express and unique commission from God, to lead mankind to truth and virtue; we may well conclude that the influences of religion on the character which will remain after rational criticism has done its utmost against the evidences of religion, are well worth preserving; and that what they lack in direct strength, as compared with those of a firmer belief, is more than compensated by the greater truth and rectitude of the morality they sanction."

Now, I do not quote this because I care for the patronage of such a man as John Stuart Mill; though he is one of the great thinkers of modern times. It is because John Stuart Mill, purposely brought up by his father without any regard for the Christian religion; a man who prided himself upon the severe logical processes of his own mind; a man who subjected the thinking of other men to the same severe tests as his own, was compelled to admit that though in his conception, stripped of all claims to be more than a man, this Jesus of Nazareth did substantiate his claims to be of such profound insight, such pre-eminent genius in His intuitions respecting virtue and truth, that even skeptics might well take Him as the ideal representative and guide of humanity; as their model in life. It is exactly what Jesus said to Pilate: "Thou sayest that I am a king. To this end was I born, and for this cause came I into the world: That I should bear witness unto the truth."

Theodore Parker says, "Eighteen centuries have passed since the tide of humanity rose so high in Jesus; what man, what sect, what church has mastered His thought, comprehended His method, and so fully applied it to

life? Let the world answer in its cry of anguish!" Thomas Carlyle: "Jesus of Nazareth is our divinest symbol. Higher has the human thought not yet reached. A symbol of quite perennial, infinite character, whose significance will ever demand to be anew inquired into, and anew made manifest." And Strauss himself, who had done so much to make the wonderful works of the Saviour appear like the myths of other nations, admits of Him, that "He represents in the religious sphere, the highest point beyond which posterity can not go; yea, whom it can not even equal, in as much as every one who hereafter should climb the same height, could only do it with the help of Jesus, who attained it. As little as humanity will ever be without religion, as little will it be without Christ; for to have religion without Christ, would be as absurd as to enjoy poetry without regard to Homer or Shakespeare." From this class of thinkers let me make one more quotation. It is from the great German thinker Gœthe: "I hold the Gospel to be thoroughly genuine. For there is in them the reflection of a greatness which emanates from the person of Christ; something as like to God as ever appeared upon the earth."

This Jesus of Nazareth, then, is the acknowledged authority in moral and spiritual truth. According to these great thinkers, no man ever thought so far or so accurately; and no man ever will. As to your opinion of God, compared with His opinion of God; as to your opinion of sin and sin's consequences, compared to His, what is to be said? To compare them is like comparing the knowledge which you or I would have of a certain body of water over which we were for the first time sail-

ing, to the knowledge of the pilot who had studied every foot of ground there; who knew all its depths and shallows; its currents and tides; who knew the wrecks already gone down.

II. I remark, that the denial of moral and spiritual truth affects not the realm of the truth, but the character and destiny of him who denies it. If we do not believe what is true, it is not half so bad for the truth as it is for ourselves. For, really, what a man believes, makes him, or unmakes him.

"What is truth?" says the Roman Governor, Pilate. After the life and death of Jesus of Nazareth no one need ask this question. We may turn to them and say, This is truth! It is often charged against us that our lives are not consistent with what we profess to believe. This is an admission more important than the charge: namely, that what a man professes to believe ought to mould his character and life; that if he profess to believe in an endless future, to be determined by the character of the present life; in a day of accounts, when judgment is to be passed upon all men according to the deeds done here in the body; if he profess to believe, that unless men have a knowledge of the Lord Jesus Christ, and believe in Him, their future must be one of darkness and woe, there is certain conduct and a certain life which is consistent with this profession. It is true. And, though we can not point to the life of any mere man or woman and say, "Here is one whose whole life; whose deeds, and words, and thoughts, and feelings were consistent with the belief professed," we can so point to the Man Christ Jesus; we can say as Pilate did, "Ecce Homo! Behold the Man!"

Take any single doctrine of the Christian system ; the hardest for us to believe ; to make to square with our ideas of God's justice, or God's mercy ; and how could this Jesus of Nazareth have lived, taught, or died differently, upon the supposition that it is true ? Take the whole group of doctrines which he taught, and apply to them the same test. As tried by His life and His death, this Jesus of Nazareth believed that God is our Father, and that all men are brother-creatures of God's creative power ; that they have lost God's fellowship and likeness, and that this loss never can be recovered except by taking Him as their crucified Saviour. And looked at a little more closely, this is the very function of Christ's kingship as he defines it : witness-bearing to the truth ! "Thou sayest that I am a king ; to this end was I born, and for this cause came I into the world ; that I might bear witness to the truth !" His birth, His incarnation was for this : for this kingship over the kingdom of truth. And at this very point, St. Peter said of Him, that He witnessed a good confession. Pilate said, "Art thou a king ?" And He said, "I am."

There is a sense in which no man, religious or irreligious, Christian, or not Christian, is consistent with what he believes. Every man believes more than he lives consistently with ; the infidel quite as much as any body else. There are things which the most skeptical of us believe, with which were we consistent in thought, and word, and deed ; upon which were we always thinking, our lives would be wretched ; we could not endure them. Life is finite ; truth is infinite. This fact of life, whatever it means to us ; this fact of death, whatever it means to us ; the certainty of separation from each other ; were

we always letting it in upon our souls, how could a person be otherwise than what our Master was: "A Man of Sorrows and Acquainted With Grief?" It is all true, that no Christian is always consistent with what he believes. The Apostle Paul said of his apostleship: "Who is sufficient for these things?" Every one of us, however humble and secluded our lives, may say this, not of our work merely, but of our faith. To live the life we live; so much depending on it, and growing out of it; with such vistas of being before it; to have children born to us, inheriting our tendencies, influenced by our example; to know, that for every idle word we speak, we are to give account in the day of judgment; ah! it is a mercy to us that life often preoccupies us with other thoughts, else sometimes how could we bear to live? And yet, as is the King in this kingdom, so are all the loyal citizens, witness-bearers! And it is true, in some sense, of all Christians, as of Him for whom they are named: "To this end were they born, and for this cause came they into the world: that they should bear witness unto the truth!"

This was the mystery in Christ's kingship to the mind of Napoleon I. He surely was not ignorant of ordinary king-craft. He knew how to make soldiers and citizens, and how to rule over them; hero-quack although Carlyle has called him. And yet he says: "You speak of Cæsar, of Alexander, of their conquests, and of the enthusiasm which they kindled in the breast of their soldiers. But can you conceive of a dead man making conquests, with an army faithful and intensely devoted to his memory? My armies have forgotten me even while living; as the Carthagenian army forgot Hannibal. Such is our power!

A single battle crushes us, and adversity scatters our friends. Can you conceive of Cæsar as the universal Emperor of the Roman Senate, and from the depths of his mausoleum, governing the empire, watching over the destinies of Rome?"

In the experience, in the person of every Christian, Christs puts the truth which He taught into concrete form; to use John Stuart Mill's phraseology, He "translates the rule of virtue from the abstract to the concrete." The man who looks at Christianity from the outside, as Napoleon did, does not know that every believer in Jesus carries about in his own being that precise truth which Jesus taught; to which in the context, He is witnessing such a good confession. Not assurance of it merely, but experience of it; that as the Apostle expresses it, He lives again in every other son of God; He puts His own life into every new man in Christ Jesus. You remember that last touching appeal of President Lincoln to the men who were just ready to consummate their treason against the nation; "The mystic chords of memory stretching from every battle field and patriot grave to every living heart and hearthstone all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union, when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angel of our nature." Just so there is not an event in Christ's life, as a witness for the truth, which does not have its correspondence in the believer's experience; toward which there are not mystic chords of memory stretching back. You who are not a Christian read from the Apostle's writings such expressions as "I am crucified with Christ; nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me." "Forasmuch then, as Christ suffered for us in

the flesh, arm yourselves likewise with the same mind; for he that hath suffered in the flesh, hath ceased from sin;" and you set them down as figurative. And when you read those passages where with such tenderness and simplicity, the Evangelist takes us to Gethsemane, and to Calvary, you do not understand that not only is there sympathy awakened with this Sufferer because He is the believer's Saviour, but also, because the believer is led along a similar pathway to Heaven; is himself perfected through suffering, just as his Master was; has the key of the whole of it in his own bosom.

It was a mystery to Napoleon I. that a King who was dead and buried centuries ago could have this living sway over His followers. But did not Jesus Himself say: "The kingdom of God is within you?" The theology of Christian experience is the truest theology. It is the way in which the King writes the laws of His kingdom on the tablets of our hearts. It is the theology which is all the time repeating itself in the heart of the believer. It is the same to you and me as to St. Paul, and Luther, John and Melancthon. While you are studying the manuscripts, and the external evidences to see whether the Bible is from God; while you are balancing between Calvinism and Arminianism; this Immanuel, this God with us, is setting up His kingdom in thousands of other men's hearts; is incarnating Himself within them; is bringing them into fellowship with the truth as it is in Himself; is repeating in their experience what might be called the Christian idea; is binding them by living correspondence in their own souls, to that life, ay, to that death, which was His here upon earth. Is it strange that His kingdom is an everlasting one? Instead of com-

manding His followers from His tomb, He commands them from a throne in their own bosom.

It is difficult to prove to some minds that Christ is divine; that He has attributes which are of an infinite nature; that is, if you try to demonstrate it as a theological problem. But when He comes to us in the fullness of the Godhead; when He surrounds us with His presence as an atmosphere; when we feel that we live and move and have our spiritual being in Him; when He steals by His Spirit into our hearts as One thoroughly acquainted with our wants and our ways; when He comforts us in our particular sorrows as one whom a mother comforteth; when He bears us up in His hands, lest we dash our feet against a stone, we experience the truth of His divinity; then He bears witness to the truth in His own kingdom which is within us. It is difficult to prove to some minds, that they are sinners. But I have no doubt that the Psalmist David never uttered a truth of which he was more firmly convinced, than when he said: "Behold I was shapen in iniquity, and in sin did my mother conceive me." As Professor Park says in his sermon on "The Theology of the Intellect and The Feelings:" "This will always remain the passage for the outflow of his grief, whose fountains of penitence are broken up. The channel is worn too deep into the affections, to be easily changed. Let the schools reason about it; let them condemn it; let them challenge its meaning; they do not move the speaker one hair's breadth. He stands there where he stood before; and where he will stand, until disenthralled from the body." My meaning is this; "Here on my heart the burden lies; and I feel that I am vile, a man of unclean lips; and

that I dwell with a people of unclean lips; and I went astray as soon as I was born; and am of a perverse, rebellious race; and there is a tide swelling within me, and around me, and moving me on to actual transgression, and it is stayed by none of my unaided efforts; and all its billows roll over me; and I am so troubled that I can not speak; and I am not content with merely saying that I am a transgressor; I long to heap infinite on infinite, and crowd together all forms of self-reproach; for I am clad in sin as with a garment; I devour it as a sweet morsel; I breathe it; I live it; I am sin. My hands are stained with it, my feet are swift in it, all my bones are out of joint with it, my whole body is of tainted origin, and of death in its influence and end; and here is my definition, and here is my proof; and definition or no definition, proof or no proof, here I plant myself, and here I stay; for this is my feeling; and here it comes up from the depths of an overflowing heart: 'Behold, I was shapen in iniquity, and in sin did my mother conceive me.'"

Let a man with such conceptions of sin in himself; such self-humiliation because of it, now read the words of the Apostle: "For He hath made Him to be sin for us, who knew no sin; that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him." And again, "Who His own self bear our sins in His own body on the tree; that we being dead to sin, should live unto righteousness; by whose stripes we are healed." His conception of sin is experimental. His recognition of Christ is experimental. A great many people think that the time is coming when all these serious doctrines which the Saviour taught; to which He gave testimony before Pontius Pilate, will be

dropped out of the Christian system. It never can be done so long as human nature is the same as now. God no longer writes His law on tablets of stone, but on the living tablets of the heart. That makes every believer a witness for Christ; a living epistle known and read of all men.

We sometimes sing the lines:

> "Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far
> Let evening blush to own a star;"

and

> "No, when I blush, be this my shame,
> That I no more revere His name."

Do we ever think what they mean? In what sense, have we any opportunity to be ashamed of Him? He is no longer here personally among men. We can no longer hide our faces from Him; we can no longer cry as did the Jews, "Not this man, but Barabbas?" "Away with Him! Crucify Him!" He is no longer in Pilate's Judgment Hall, given over to the Roman Soldiers for their indignities; to put on Him the purple robe; to crown Him with thorns; to smite Him with the palms of their hands. He is no longer here personally to be betrayed and denied by His own disciples. And yet he is just as really here as ever. His kingdom is here. His truth which He taught and lived; the truth that He came forth from the Father, as a Daysman between us and God; as a Propitiation for the sins of the world; that He was born for this, and that He lived for this; this truth which He attested with His own blood, is still in the world. On which side of this truth do we array ourselves? Do we say with the Roman Pilate: "Art thou a king then?"

He has the same answer for us as for Pilate. The truth to which He came to bear witness is this: "That all we like sheep have gone astray, and on Him God has laid the iniquity of us all." Do we accept it? Do we give it power over us? Is it moulding us into Christ's likeness? Nothing else will; nothing else can. If Christ is the Being whom humanity with one consent pronounces the Model-Man, we can follow in His steps, only as we believe what He taught; only as we become citizens in that realm of truth of which He is King; only as we die unto self, and live unto God.

This is memorial week. We testify again our gratitude to the dead who witnessed a good confession on battle-field and in hospital; whose bones lie in so many a National Cemetery in different parts of this great land. They believed in the truth for which they fought. They sealed it with their blood. As Christ died to make men holy, so they died to make men free; while God was marching on. They show us the spirit in which we should follow our Leader; in which we should testify to the truth.

Thy kingdom is not of this world,
  Then all earth's kings are far below thee:
Here empires are to fragments hurled;
  Thine lives for aye, in those that know thee.
Where is thy realm, the world are unaware,
And who thy loyal subjects are:
  Like Pilate, "What is truth?" still saying:
  No Judgment-Day before surveying
    Upon time's current onward whirled;
    Thy kingdom is not of this world.

Thy kingdom is not of this world!
  The world neglect the work thou'rt doing:

The Greek, with handsome lip still curled:
The Hebrew righteous in his ruin:
While thee they scoff at and despise;
And crown their sages only wise:
But as God's Wisdom they shall meet thee,
And as their Judge, at last shall greet thee:
And own Truth's diadem impearled:
Thy kingdom is not of this world.

Thy kingdom is not of this world!
Yet endless warfare thou art waging,
And error's flag shall yet be furled,
And all her champions cease their raging.
For darkness must give way to light,
And day drive back the shades of night,;
And in must come through throe and anguish,
The reign for which men's hearts do languish:
And when the last foe down is hurled,
Thy kingdom shall include this world.

VIII.

THE KNOWABLE THINGS OF GOD.

ROM. 1: 19.—"Because that which may be known of God is manifest unto them; for God hath showed it unto them."

There are certain things that may be known of God. These things that may be known of God make up the science of God: which is theology; just as legitimate a science as any other. Geology is made up of what may be known of the earth. Directly, very little may be known. Our deepest mines are mere scratches on the earth's surface; some three thousand feet deep; say about half the height of Mt. Washington. In round numbers, if you should dig through the earth, as a boy bores a gimlet-hole through an apple, the distance would be about eight thousand miles. Into this eight thousand miles you have gone down about two-thirds of a mile, not enough to cover the point of the gimlet. It is true that volcanic upheavals show you a specimen of the structure of earth's deeper foundations; sample it, mineralogically. But how many cubic feet of the whole of the vast globe which we inhabit has ever been personally surveyed by the eye, or measured by the hand of man. And yet we very complacently write our scientific books about the earth as though we had weighed it in our scales

and comprehended it in our balances. We do not allow any man to speak disrespectfully of Geology as a science; of Mineralogy, Chemistry. This is all right.

It is very popular in some quarters to speak in a depreciating way of Theology. But Theology has just as much right to be as any science. The principles of Geology are the principles relating to the structure of the earth, which have been derived from the facts discovered in the earth. Geology does not make facts; it only records them. Of the imperfection of these records, says the eminent geologist, Charles Lyell: "It is scarcely possible to exaggerate the defectiveness of our archives. In the solid frame-work of the globe, a great part of what remains is inaccessible to man, and even of that fraction which is accessible nine-tenths are to this day unexplored." But there is no want of facts found in this one-tenth which has been explored. Thirty thousand different species have been preserved in the rocky vaults, and are properly defined; and not a single individual in a transition state has appeared. So far as the Earth is concerned, Darwinism has no fact in its favor. Geology records facts, and not conjectures. And the missing link never has been stereotyped, because the Creator never issued it.

Theology has to do with facts. It is the Science of God;

THE KNOWABLE THINGS OF GOD,

as found out by facts. In considering these Knowable Things of God, I remark:

I. That God is knowable in his attributes. The flower is knowable in its form, its color, its fragrance. God is

knowable in the revelations which He has made of Himself, in nature, in man, in Christ Jesus. The word attribute, when applied to God, means what would the word quality when applied to man; to material things. Philosophers will tell you that the infinite is not knowable by the finite. In the sense of absolute and exhaustive knowledge, this is true. And when Jesus says, "No man knoweth the Father but the Son," it is one meaning of the passage. Here the Infinite knows the Infinite. You might as well try to decant the ocean into a pint cup, as to extend the compass of the finite, so that its extremities shall embrace the infinite. But for all that the finite is the unit of the infinite. It is just as true, that often the finite is unknowable to the finite. As between man and man, knowledge is relative. The child can not know its father as a man can know him. But the child can know what is knowable of a father to a child; can know it as well as a man, and perhaps even better.

Herbert Spencer thus sums up the results of his "Synthetic Philosophy": "It has been shown by analysis of both our religions and our scientific ideas, that while knowledge of the cause which produces effect on our consciousness is impossible, the existence of a cause for these effects is a dictum of consciousness. [That is, God has made us so, that we must believe in Him, whether through philosophy we can know Him or not]. We have seen that the belief in a Power in which no limit in time and space can be conceived, is that fundamental element in religion which survives all its changes of form. [This is God's cipher which He has written on every soul of man]. We have seen that all Philosophies, avowedly or tacitly

recognize this ultimate truth: that while the Relativist rightly repudiates these definite assertions which the Absolutist makes respecting existence transcending perception, he is yet at last compelled to unite with him in predicating existence transcending perception. And this impregnable consciousness in which Religion and Philosophy are at one with Common Sense, is that likewise on which all exact science is based. We have found that subjective science can give no account of those conditioned modes of being which constitute consciousness without postulating unconditioned being. [Here is where the Spirit of God casts His shadow on the spirit of man]. And we have found that objective Science can give no account of the world which we know as external without regarding its changes of form, as manifestations of something that continues constant under all forms. This is also the implication to which we are now led back by our completed synthesis. The recognition of a persistent Force, ever changing its manifestations, but unchanged in quantity, throughout all past and all future time, is that which we find alone makes possible each concrete interpretation; and at last unifies all concrete interpretations. Not, indeed, that this coincidence adds to the strength of the logical argument as a logical structure. Our synthesis has proceeded by taking for granted at every step this ultimate truth; and the ultimate truth cannot, therefore, be regarded as in any sense an outcome of the synthesis. Nevertheless, the coincidence yields a verification. For, when treating the data of Philosophy it was pointed out that we cannot take even the first step without making assumptions; and that the only course is to proceed with them as provisional,

until they are proved true by the congruity of all the results reached. This congruity we here see to be perfect and all-embracing; holding throughout that entire structure of definite consciousness of relations which we call knowledge, and harmonizing with it that indefinite consciousness of existence transcending relations which forms the essence of Religion."

It seems, then, that in philosophy both the Relativist and the Absolutist are compelled to erect an altar inscribed as that in Athens: "To the Unknown God!" Subjective science postulates unconditioned being as back of human consciousness. Objective science can give no account of the outer world without the same postulate as back of that world. And Religion may say to them both in the language of the Apostle: "Whom, therefore, ye ignorantly worship, him declare I unto you;" whom ye postulate I reveal. There is a sense in which everything absolute is unknowable; everything unconditioned is unknowable. There is not an attribute of God, as man conceives of Him, of which man or angel can say of it, I know it! Naturally speaking, it is an uncommunicable mystery. The necessity of His being; His infinite knowledge; his presence everywhere; His creative power; all these things, though philosophy may confess her need of them, and belief in them, man cannot absolutely know them; that is, take in their dimensions. But no more can he take in the dimensions of what we call infinite space, so thickly peopled with worlds; of the greater worlds of water in which the great continents are embosomed, lulled and soothed by their eternal monotone; no more can he take in the fact of his own existence: an island of finite being between the seas of two

eternities; of his own eternal future. "To-day I am; yesterday I was not; to-morrow whither am I to go?" Is this thing knowable?

"This green, flowery, rock-built earth," says Carlyle, "the trees, the mountains, rivers, many-sounding seas; that great deep sea of azure that swims overhead; the winds sweeping through it; the black cloud fashioning itself together, now pouring out fire, now hail and rain; what is it? Ay, what? At bottom we do not know; we can never know at all. It is not by our superior insight we escape the difficulty; it is by our superior levity, our inattention, our want of insight. It is not by thinking that we cease to wonder at it. This Universe, ah! me, what is it? 'God's creation!' the religious people answer. 'Almighty God's!' Atheistic science babbles poorly of it with scientific nomenclatures, experiments and what not, as if it were a poor dead thing, to be bottled up in Leyden jars and sold over counters; but the natural sense of man, in all times, if he will honestly apply his sense, proclaims it to be a living thing; ah! an unspeakable, godlike thing; towards which the best attitude for us, after never so much science, is awe, devout prostration and humility of soul; worship, if not in words, then in silence."

Spencer admits that science is compelled to postulate unconditioned being, in order to account for conditioned being. Why is this? Simply because conditioned being is the result of conditioning unconditioned being. The thing formed suggests the former. But to condition unconditioned being is impossible says Science. Tertullian said of the incarnation: "certum quia impossibile est," "it is certain, because it is impossible." Philoso-

phy says, "It is a contradiction in terms to say the absolute can be conditioned." It is a contradiction in terms to say the God-Man. Here is the unconditioned conditioned. Contradiction or not, the absolute has been conditioned, and Philosophy thus admits it: "The recognition of a persistent Force, ever changing its manifestations, but unchanged in quantity, throughout all past and future time, is that which we find alone makes possible each concrete interpretation, and at last unifies all concrete interpretations." How can there be force without some Power to exert it? Life pulsates in Nature's heart as in man's. This force is the Godhead conditioned. Put that into the language of the Bible and how will it read? "For by Him were all things created that are in heaven and that are in earth, visible and invisible, whether they be thrones, or dominions, or principalities, or powers; all things were created by Him and for Him. And He is before all things, and by Him all things consist." This makes possible each concrete interpretation, and at last unifies all concrete interpretations.

The universe itself is God's epistle, written with His finger on the blue tablets above; an epistle known and read of all men. The earth, with her day and night, with her yearly drama in four acts: Spring, Summer, Autumn, Winter; wheels through space, making music amid the spheres. Man, a microcosm; the world in miniature; man as God made him in Adam, and as in Christ Jesus God would have him, since he bears God's image; man, God in miniature; all these are concrete interpretations of a persistent Force, ever changing its manifestations, but unchanged in quantity; interpretations to be unified and harmonized, when in the fullness

of time the Father shall gather together in one all things in Christ: both which are in Heaven and which are on earth, even in Him!

I do not care that Philosophy tells me that this thing cannot be done, on any basis which she can explain; I do not care though Philosophy should say, that tried by her test, matter is Eternal; cannot be created; must always have been matter; Philosophy that can evolve whatever she may choose to make, out of star-dust and primordial germs! I do not want a religion which Philosophy can explain. I want a religion whose very presence among men cannot be explained, except upon a supernatural basis; except upon the theory that the Unconditioned has burst through the barriers by which, according to Philosophy, it is surrounded; a religion which has done what human Philosophy pronounces impossible on any natural basis. All these efforts to bring the supernatural down to the level of the natural; to give to inspiration only the authority accorded to it by human reason; to explain miracles according to the operation of unknown natural laws; are efforts to strip Religion of its God-given seal, namely: the supernatural; the unexplainable, the incomprehensible, the impossible, upon any natural, finite principles of Philosophy. I am glad that man's Philosophy tells me that much as God's existence must be assumed to explain anything, she can not reveal Him. He is to her not knowable. It is exactly what the Bible teaches.

A revealed religion is something on a higher sphere than man's Philosophy has ever reached; can ever reach. President Seeley says of Miracles: "A miracle is a sensible event wrought by God in attestation of the truth. It

therefore must occur in nature, else it would not be apprehensible to our senses; and it must at the same time be beyond the power of nature to produce, else it would not disclose an agency which belongs to the Author of nature alone. A miracle is not simply an extraordinary event which, however unfrequent, occurs through the regular action of the same forces that produce the ordinary events in nature, and which might be foreknown by one acquainted with its cause; but it is an event which nature by its own action never would have brought forth, and for which the power of God alone is adequate. It is not a new birth from nature's teeming womb; but a new beginning which rises at once from an Almighty fiat. It is not a development, but a creation. It shows a new force introduced into nature, by which nature is checked and changed. A miracle may be defined, therefore, as a counteraction of nature by the Author of nature." The engineer who makes the train's movement applies the power that brings the train to a standstill.

In this sense, human philosophy, which deals only with the natural and not at all with the supernatural, says that a miracle is impossible. I say, because it is impossible on natural grounds; because it cannot be proved on such grounds, and is here, it indicates the presence and power of some One, who is in nature, and above nature, and over nature, and to whom nature is obedient; by whom all things consist. If in miracles God entered the portal which is open to nature, rather than the portal which He openeth and no man shutteth, how could we know that it is He? I am very much interested in such discussions of the question of Miracles, as Charles Kingsley gives us in his Alton Locke. But, after all, they are a

possible philosophy of what God has purposely left without explanation; and the very fact that they are not explained gives them their power as proofs of the presence of One, whose presence needed to be proved less than explained. You may tell me that miracles are only a new custom of nature, with which I am not familiar. I tell you that if they proceed from nature, they do not answer the demands of the case. A comet may appear to be a miracle. But when I learn that its orbit is just as really fixed as that of the sun, I no longer regard it as such. You say, that comet attests your divine mission I say that comet was coming, any way. You may tell me that when Jesus turned the water into wine at Cana of Galilee, he only expedited the process which goes on in the grape-vine every season. Nature, too, converts water, moisture, sap, into wine. I acknowledge the truth and beauty of the analogy; I accept the same Being as the author of each process; but how is it easier for me to believe that Jesus makes wine at Cana on the instant, when I know that He makes it in all earth's vineyards by due process of nature? Instead of bringing nature up, you have brought the miracle down. I do not want to see that His miracle is no miracle at all; is only a hidden law of nature which nature does not ordinarily reveal; is wonderful only because of one's ignorance. And when Jesus stands before the tomb of Lazarus I do not want it suggested that just as there is a law in nature, that after winter shall come the new life of grasses and trees in the spring, so there is a law that after death shall come a new life to the body of man, and that Christ only anticipates in the case of Lazarus, what it is in nature to do for all mankind if we only wait till she is ready. You still keep

me in the realm of the natural. I acknowledge the truth and beauty of these analogies; but what you make level to my reason through philosophy, you take away from my faith. People do not believe in the supernatural birth of Christ, because it is contrary to nature. They do not believe in the inspiration of the Bible, because it is contrary to nature. They do not believe in the regeneration of man, because it is contrary to nature. They do not believe in anything which they cannot account for according to the laws of nature. Says Herbert Spencer: "If religion and Science are to be reconciled, the basis of reconciliation must be this deepest, widest, and most certain of all facts: that the Power which the Universe manifests to us is utterly inscrutable." This is to give up the whole question in dispute; to destroy the very meaning of the word Revelation; the very office of the incarnation, as explained by Him who became incarnate. "I came forth from the Father, and am come into the world; again, I leave the world and go to the Father." God claims that He has reconciled Science and Religion, not by remaining inscrutable, but by becoming conditioned in Christ Jesus.

II. God is knowable in His relations. In justifying his right and obligation to speak the truth which he has thought, Herbert Spencer says: "Whoever hesitates to utter what he thinks the highest truth, lest it should be too much in advance of his time, may reassure himself by looking at his acts from an impersonal point of view. Let him duly realize the fact that opinion is the agency through which character adapts external arrangements to itself; that his opinion rightly forms part of this agency; is a unit of force, constituting with other such units the

general power which works out social changes; and he will perceive that he may properly give full utterance to his inmost conviction; leaving it to produce what effect it may. It is not for nothing that he has in him these sympathies with some principles and repugnance to others. He, with all his capacities and aspirations and beliefs, is not an accident, but a product of the time. He must remember that while he is a descendant of the past he is a parent of the future; and that his thoughts are as children to him, which he may not carelessly let die. He, like every other man, may properly consider himself as one of the myriad agencies through whom works the Unknown Cause; and when the Unknown Cause produces in him a certain belief, he is thereby authorized to profess and act out that belief. For, to render in their highest sense the words of the poet:

> "Nature is made better by no mean,
> But nature makes that mean; over that art
> Which you may say adds to nature, is an art
> That nature makes."

Not as adventitious, therefore, will the wise man regard the faith which is in him. The highest truth he sees he will fearlessly utter; knowing that let come what will of it, he is thus playing his part in the world; knowing that if he can effect the change he aims at, well; if not, well, also, though not so well."

This is very remarkable language for one who teaches that the Unknown Cause has no power to condition himself: "When the Unknown Cause produces in him a certain belief he is thereby authorized to profess and act out that belief." How different is this from the language which Jehovah used to Moses in answer to the question:

"Behold, when I come un o the children of Israel, and they ask me, 'Who is He that hath sent me?' what shall I say unto them?" And God said unto Moses: "Thus shalt thou say unto the children of Israel: "I Am hath sent me unto thee." If the great Unknown Cause produces in the philosopher, Herbert Spencer, a belief which gives him authority to utter it, how is that different, as to the matter of conditioning Himself, from speaking through Moses and all the prophets?

Here is this phenomenon of Moses, the great Hebrew Lawgiver; the great Hebrew Leader and Prophet; for all the Mosaic system prophesied of Him who was to come; how are we to account for him? We say with the Bible, with the Lord Jesus Himself, that in this Moses, as God's servant and revelation, God is knowable. God raised him up. God spake through him. God approved him and reproved him, and finally closed his career prematurely because of his sin. In His relations to this Moses and to the remarkable people whom he moulded to his will and to the will of God, God conditioned Himself; God is revealed. Herbert Spencer says, "that what we call truth, guiding us to a successful action and the consequent maintenance of life, is simply the accurate correspondence of subjective to objective relations." The truth, then, according to Herbert Spencer, which guided Moses, he found suggested by his outward circumstances; and in these outward circumstances was the will of the Being whom this philosopher calls the great Unknown Cause. Was not this will of the Unknown Cause conditioned, then, in the life of Moses? The phenomenon of Herbert Spencer, according to his own interpretation of it, as given in his own language, is

explicable in precisely the same manner. If the great Unknown Cause works in Herbert Spencer as one of His myriad agencies to produce a certain belief, and if this working in him authorizes him to profess and act out that belief, the Unknown Cause so far conditions Himself as to have some personality properly ascribed to Him, because of Herbert Spencer.

The attitude of a majority of the most advanced of modern scientists is this: either that there is no God at all, or, that though we must in our studies and speculations postulate such an Existence, He has no way of so conditioning Himself; of so revealing Himself to His creatures, as a person, that they can know Him. We can not account for the material world which He has caused without Him; we cannot account for the first principles of our own mental condition without Him; but, in making the worlds, and in making man He has unfortunately lost the cipher by which he may communicate with His intelligent creatures; so that the orb of His being wheels aloft, coldly isolated in the infinity of of His nature; so that humanity is still groping in the darkness and woe of those who are without hope and without God in the world. There is a great difference, to be sure, between denying that there is a God, and denying that though there must be a great Cause of all things, He is unknown to man; he is unknowable by man. And when the late Professor William H. Clifford, of London, says, as the last word which the evolutionist has to utter as to the being and agency of one Eternal Mind: "On the whole, therefore, we seem entitled to conclude that during such time as we have evidence of, no intelligence or volition has been concerned in events

happening within the range of the solar system, except that of animals living on the planets. The weight of such probabilities is, of course, estimated differently by different people, and the questions are only beginning to receive the right sort of attention. But it does seem to me that we may expect in time to have negative evidence on this point of the same kind and of the same cogency as that which forbids us to assume the existence between the Earth and Venus, of a planet as large as either of them." I say when Professor Clifford says this, it seems very different from the mere reverent utterance of Herbert Spencer: "The consciousness of an Inscrutable Power manifested to us through all phenomena, has been growing ever clearer, and must eventually be freed from its imperfections. The certainty that on the one hand, such a Power exists, while on the other, its nature transcends intuition, and is beyond imagination, is the certainty towards which intelligence has been from the first progressing. To this conclusion science inevitably arrives as it reaches its confines; while to this conclusion Religion is irresistibly driven by criticism. And, satisfying as it does, the demands of a most rigorous logic, at the same time that it gives the religious sentiment the widest sphere of action, it is the conclusion we are bound to accept without reserve or qualification;" I say the first utterance is very different from the last; but we may well ask if they are not pathways to the same inn of Atheism, where many modern scientists have already put up. One is a gnostic atheist, and the other is an agnostic atheist. And the agnostic atheist—that is, the man who knows not whether there be any God, and whether if there be, He can communicate with his creatures, nay, denies that He

can do this, the agnostic atheist may well pause and consider whether rigid logic will not land him eventually with the gnostic atheist. It is very innocent, apparently, to tamper with a conjecture; and to revolutionize our religious principles, under the sway of an hypothesis; but, it may be well to ask in the name of science, as well as religion, whither the logic which we tentatively adopt is likely to lead us; and whether it may not be into that bog of infidelity where a soul sinks and bemires itself forever.

There are, doubtless, some scientists of the modern school, who are theists. "They are evolutionists; but they are neither materialistic nor atheistic evolutionists. They believe in the soul, and the conscience, and the future life, in a personal God, and many of them in a supernatural revelation. They find nothing in the teachings of science or the doctrine of evolution as they hold it, which is inconsistent with their Christian faith or their theistic philosophy." But, have they ever looked their theory through to its most rigid and logical conclusion? Their theism is likely the result of Christian experience. They have found God conditioning Himself in Christ Jesus, walking among men; dwelling by His Spirit in their own souls; personal in the power of Christianity. Their theism is therefore secure. But do they ever consider the peril to the religious nature of a young student from taking as an hypothesis, even "a working hypothesis," this theory, which to so many minds, either excludes God from material things, or makes it impossible for Him to reveal Himself there?

This is not a question of the antagonism of Religion and Science. Science confesses that she has never found a single fact to prove that this hypothesis is correct; and

yet science is nothing, unless she have facts behind her. She confesses that of the thirty-thousand well-defined and thoroughly accredited species found imbedded in the rocks not one is in the hypothetical transition-state, which Darwinism requires. May not religion well ask, if this hypothesis does not belong to the category, not of true science, which knows nothing but what facts declare, but of science falsely so called? And may she not ask her own gifted sons, before they commit themselves to it, as "a working hypothesis," to consider just where its relentless logic is likely to land, not themselves, perhaps, but younger minds, not well-grounded in their religious faith?

"Because that which may be known of God is manifest unto them; for God hath showed it unto them." The Bible assumes that the knowable things of God, his eternal power and Godhead, are testified even to the heathen. Is it not a striking illustration of the atheism of our nature, that the best thought of the scientists of modern times addresses itself to the effort of either proving that there is no God, or that He is inexorably shut out from the realm of material things, which even the best materialistic philosophy cannot explain without Him? "For after that in the wisdom of God, the world by wisdom knew not God, it pleased God by the foolishness of preaching to save them that believe."

"And what is he? The ripe grain nods
The sweet dews fall, the sweet flow'rs blow;
But darker signs His presence show:
The earthquake and the storm are God's,
And good and evil interflow.

O hearts of love! O souls that turn
Like sunflowers to the pure and best!

To you the truth is manifest:
For they the mind of Christ discern,
Who lean like John upon His breast.

In Him of whom the sybil told,
For whom the prophet's heart was toned;
Whose need, the sage and magian owned;
The loving heart of God, behold:
The hope for which the ages groaned!

The world sits at the feet of Christ,
Unknowing, blind and unconsoled:
It yet shall touch His garment's fold,
And feel the Heavenly Alchemist
Transform its very dust to gold.

The theme befitting angel tongues,
Beyond a mortal's scope has grown:
O heart of mine, with rever'nce own
The fullness, which to it belongs,
And trust the unknown for the known."

IX.

THE LAW OF ADAPTATION IN SPIRITUAL THINGS.

MATT. XXV, 26 AND 27.—"Thou knowest that I reaped where I sowed not, and gather where I have not strowed. Thou oughtest, therefore, to have put my money to the exchangers, and then, at my coming, I should have received mine own, with usury."

The Saviour does not imply, in this parable, that there is any injustice in the government of God. He never sets Himself up as a critic of God's economy. He is satisfied with it; the love of it; the law of it. He urges that the best solution of what seems to some minds to be unjust, of what is mysterious to them, is to try and make the best of it; to try and fit in to it, and bring a blessing out of it, as we surely can.

There is nothing more rigid than what we call a law of nature. It has no margin for play. The fisherman, for example, studies the winds and tides, and adapts himself to them; he does not undertake to regulate them, but he uses them, as his appliances, to get out on the fishing ground, and to get back to his little home. If the tide sets out at midnight, he is up and sets out with it. That is the tide which, taken at its flood, leads him to fortune; and, when it sets back

again, he goes back upon it with his fortune. Indeed his life; the art and skill of it, I mean ; his life is largely an adaptation of himself to the laws of God in the ocean and the air. If wind and tide wait for no man, he does not ask them to wait for him. He takes them and makes the most of them. The moment he sets himself against these laws ; the moment he is careless of them, his boat is swamped and he is their victim. Seaside disasters come from ignorance of things familiar to seafaring men, or carelessness respecting them. Little lads, who are brought up at the seaside, are so familiar with these laws, and learn so early to adapt themselves to them, that to manage a boat becomes almost second nature, and they can no more be drowned than a fish. Water is their element, no less than the land. All that uncertainty, that impotence, which the landsman feels, they never experience. Nay more, there is a kind of exhilaration in their mastery of these mighty forces of Nature, which gives fascination to the seaman's life ; and yet it is mastery only by adaptation.

The same is more or less true in the life of the farmer. He has to do with other uniform laws of nature ; for, if the sea is God's, and He made it, so, also, His hands formed the dry land. After the Deluge, God made a covenant with Noah, respecting the Earth's uniformity, to this effect : that while the Earth remains, seed time and harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and winter, and day and night shall not cease. The sign of that covenant is the bow in the clouds. Just as the tides come and go, so come the light and the darkness, the day and the night ; the heat of summer, the cold of winter ; the day-time and the night-time of the year ; the time to sow and the

time to reap. The sun, moon, and stars are regular in their courses ; as though they moved by clock-work. And all his life long, the farmer studies how to adapt himself to these fluctuating, as he calls them, uniform movements, as they are; how best to give and take from the laws of God in material things. It is his art ; his skill ; his knack. He nourishes the soil ; the soil nourishes him. To fit in to what God has done and is doing in the land, which he dresses, and in the stock, which he raises, makes him the good farmer.

This is man's relation to God's material economy ; a relation of adaptation, and of mastery through adaptation. He studies into it, and accommodates himself to it, and thus is master of the situation. If God has stored the coal in the bowels of the earth, he seeks it there ; he does not complain because it has not been deposited at his doorway. He digs it out and conveys it to his doorway. If God has stored the timber in the trackless forest, there he sends the lumberman to fell it, and to drive it along the dashing river thoroughfares to the centers of civilization and trade, and to transport it to the great markets. Is it strange that God insists upon the same law of adaptation in spiritual things ? Is it strange that God should have, in the same manner, surrounded man with spiritual forces, and commanded him to make the most of them for himself, for his fellowman, and for his Creator ? This is only according to the analogy suggested by his relation to material things.

THE LAW OF ADAPTATION IN SPIRITUAL THINGS, OR WISE SPIRITUAL STEWARDSHIP.

Let this be the subject of study this morning.

I. The wise spiritual steward accepts the facts of the case. We may always be sure that fact is a reality; a theory may be a phantom.

There are some men who are always asking why God did not constitute things differently. As in the kingdom of nature, so in the kingdom of grace. They speak of God as a hard man. They complain, because of their own tendency to evil; because this tendency is transmitted by heredity; because their our circumstances are so unfavorable; because other men have a better chance than they have; because God's law is too exacting; because the penalty of sin is too excessive; because the method of salvation is offensive to their taste; is unreasonable and hard to comply with; in a word, that God is a hard man, and their case a hard case. They are the great objectors to God's moral government; always rising to a point of order.

A man finds himself on a rocky New England farm. He objects. He rises to a point of order. He would rather hunt or fish than work. He dreads the task of blasting rock, of rooting out stumps, of breaking up virgin soil. He sees that some of his neighbors have farms on the beautiful intervals; that the struggle for a living by farming must be a hard one for him; and so he makes up his mind to spend his time in finding fault, and in wondering why his lot is so much harder than that of other men. This was the spirit of the unprofitable steward in the text. Thus he complained. He had but a single talent, while some of his fellow-stewards had five; his master had been more generous to the other stewards; he required more usury of his stewards than they could possibly secure. So he wraps his talent in a napkin, and

hides it in the earth. If his master wanted it, he would find it there.

There is no wisdom in blinking facts. A man cannot understand his environment without admitting the facts, out of which he originates, of which he is part, and to which he tends. Evangelical religion is the only candid one; the only one that takes the facts as they are. It is a serious thing to belong to the human race. It is a serious thing to be a descendant of the First Adam. It is a serious thing to be responsible to God for the use we make of our knowledge of the Second Adam. Between these two facts, the advocates of evangelical religion take their stand; not as philosophers, but to act upon them, and thus work out their proper solution. The advocate of what is self-styled a more liberal school of thought, comes along and says, "This account of the origin of the human family is fabulous. Teach it to children, but not to grown men. God never so constituted the race as Saint Paul describes. Heredity of evil is a thing ridiculous." But you say in reply, "I find a law in numbers, that when I would do good, evil is present with me." I find something there which works just as the tide does; which comes in in its might, and weeps away all my tender sentiments and mighty resolutions. Who shall deliver me from the body of this death?

The believer in Evangelical religion does just as the seaman does; just as the farmer does; he accepts the facts of his environment, and acts upon them; they are the data of his problem of life. He is a man of unclean lips, and he belongs to a people of unclean lips.

It is a notable thing that the laws of mankind are framed to fit a race, just as Evangelical, and not Liberal,

Religion describes them : a fallen race ; a race with decided tendencies to evil ; a race that never realizes its highest possibilities ; needing the threat of penalties, as well as the promise of rewards. Human laws are practical things. They are leveled at realities ; at flesh and blood, as it is. They have to take humanity as they find it. Those who make these laws say : " When man gives way to his passions he is liable to steal, to kill, to commit adultery. We must make our laws to fit the facts of the case." There is no opportunity for the play of sentiment in law-making. It is true that the thief has a father and a mother, a wife, and children, and that they are all involved in the consequences of his crime. But the law considers only that he is a thief ; the jury and the judge consider only that he is a thief ; and as such, despite all sentiment, he must be taken from parents, from wife, from children, and given the fate of a thief, and the punishment of a thief. The law holds itself to the facts of the case.

Take this one fact, that your moral tendency is sinful ; that you have appetites and forces within you, which, if unrestrained, which, if misdirected, may lead you to crime against man and sin against God. There is a man in New Hampshire, nearly 97 years of age, who is suspected of the brutal assassination of one of his neighbors. It took nearly a century for this man to come to maturity of wickedness. The fact of this potentiality toward evil is a great deal more important than the philosophy. It may be true that your strongest tendencies to evil, you have received as an heirloom from your immediate ancestors. It may be that your weakness characterized an ancestor hundreds of years ago. Race-peculiarities lie

dormant for hundreds of years, and then appear again. Physical defects and deformities follow that law ; why should not moral and spiritual ones? But, whether you got your tendencies to evil from your father, who begat a son in his own likeness, or from your grandfather, who begat a son in his, or from Adam, who begat a son in his, the fact remains the same. The tendencies are the same. They are just as dangerous ; just as certain, if uncontrolled, to bring you to dishonor, and to punishment.

Every sinful act, unless turned from by repentance, has in itself the germ of a new sinful act. The tendency to sin is in sin's nature. There used to be a familiar couplet :

> "Lo, what a tangled web we weave
> When first we practice to deceive."

I do not know as deception has any more sinful germs, results in any more of a tangle, than any other sin. Every sin is alive with the germs of new sins. A single kernel of wheat may have in it a whole harvest, give it seasons enough. And sin has as many seasons as it has acts. The young lad, who to-day breaks the Sabbath, does not know what other violations of God's law will spring from this violation ; lie enfolded within it. The difference between being in the Sabbath School, or in the House of God, and being on a Sunday excursion down the river, or being out boating up the river, may seem very slight ; but it may prove a divergence from well-doing, the consequences of which will be eternal. From the same summit waters seek the Atlantic and the Pacific.

Perhaps on this very Sabbath God had a message for him, which he would have heard. Perhaps on this very

Sabbath the Tempter was ready to set a snare for his feet out of which he never will be delivered. The young man may say, "Well, I will go this once, and that shall be the end of it." He cannot say what will be the end of it. The end of it is not yet. For one act of sin is the beginning of another act of sin. He does not come back from that day of unhallowed recreation the same young man he was. He has broken his former relations with the people of God; the Bible; the sanctuary; perhaps with God himself. He has entered into new relations to other people, and other influences. Sin is a thing that cannot be trifled with. We can never say of it, "Only this once." The Bible says, "Fools make a mock at sin." "And sin, when it is finished, bringeth forth death." That which bringeth forth death is not a thing which can be safely mocked at, or trifled with. Think of trifling with the tides of the great ocean; with the winds of the heavens.

Over against this fact of sin, God has set another fact: salvation from sin by the Atonement! There is a way of getting away from God. Human nature has tried it; is trying it still. The tendencies to evil in your nature and in my nature are just as much facts as the ebb and flow of the tides are facts. The tide of evil breaks, with its great monotone of woe, upon the shores of time, from the days of Adam until now. What is said in the Bible, with regard to the sin of mankind, what you have observed in yourself and in other men, you may depend upon, just as you may depend upon what your eyes see at the seashore; as to the coming in and going out of the great waters. God has said there: "Thus far, and no farther; and here shall thy proud waves be stayed." But, within

God's limits, man can safely have to do with them, only as he studies them and takes advantage of their laws. They are the ultimate facts with which he has to do, but which he cannot change.

Over against the fact of rocks that are hid beneath the surface of the water, of places that are dangerous at low tide, Government has placed the fact of lighthouses, whose flame burns all through the hours of darkness, and bells, that restlessly toll day and night, to warn the seaman of danger; Government has placed the fact of the life-saving service. If you should see such a majestic structure of massive masonry as Minot's Ledge Light, bound to the solid rock beneath the waves with bands of iron, erected at a point where there is no danger, you might well ask of the Government, "Wherefore this waste? Why was not some of this expense laid out on points where the approach to the coast is dangerous; where seamen are every year caught in the hungry waves?" The fact of the Atonement is like the fact of such an expensive structure. There stands the Cross. It is to be taken as a fact. Against the tendencies to evil in man's nature; against the endless ruin which, when they are finished, awaits upon them; God has set up in this lost world the Cross of His Son. Like the inscription on Eddystone Lighthouse, this Cross might be inscribed, "I give light, and I save life." Sin is in this world as a fact. However it came here, whatever its consequences; read sacred history; read profane history; read your own hearts; read the hearts of other men; you find it to be a fact. Over against it God has set another fact. Whatever the manner in which it does it; whether by legal satisfaction to God; whether by moral suasion of man; whether by

introducing a new law of self-sacrifice and obedience; whether by awakening a sense of personal gratitude; whether in all these ways; whatever the hiding of its power, and God does not explain it, He reveals it, it is just as much a fact as sin is. If sinfulness takes you one way, the Atonement takes you another way. If the tide, which goes out in its ebbing, takes you away from the joys and the blessings of your fireside, the returning tide takes you back to safety and to peace.

II. The wise spiritual steward not only accepts the facts of the case, but adapts himself and his life to them. "He that hath my commandments, and keepeth them, he it is that loveth me."

It is a proof of God's goodness, and also of the wisdom of His economy, that the moment a man seeks to come into harmony with this economy, he not only has inward peace, but also his outward relations no longer create friction. Furl a vessel's sails, and cast over her anchor, and how soon she sits the waters at rest. Lift her anchor, unfurl her sail, bring her round to the wind, and how quick she speeds away, like a thing of life. The Psalmist says, "Great peace have they that love thy law. Nothing shall offend them." Law and peace! They always walk together. One of the reasons given by those, who think there should be a new statement in theology, is the fact, that men of genius, such as Emerson and Carlye and Burns, have not been willing to accept the old. But, David did; Daniel did; John did, and Paul did. These were men of genius, too. These things have been hid from the wise and prudent, and have been revealed unto babes. There are many things to be said about the relation of such men to Christianity. Whether they accept

it, or not, they always speak of it, admiringly. It is the ideal thing which has come into human history. So much is wrung from them,willing or unwilling. Of Carlyle it may be said, that he believed in the religion of his mother for her, and that she was his ideal of a Christian woman ; that when he and Jane Welsh, his wife, began housekeeping, they began with having family prayers ; and that when his father died, he wrote home to the brother in charge, urging that he take his father's place as priest of the household ; that the sacrificial flame of worship might not die out. What Burns actually thought of Christianity, may be gathered from his " Cotter's Saturday Night ;" and not from the sharp and satirical things he wrote, when quarreling with the inconsistences and absurdities of some of his contemporaries, who had brought him to book for his immoralities.

There are those, who are Christian philosophers, and no more. They accept the facts of the situation. They philosophize about them, as though they were not involved in them. They are like the men, who, shut up in their safe and cosy chambers, study the currents of the ocean rom observation made by others, and not with reference to using them, in traversing the great deep. There is nothing wrong in the practice of Christian philosophy. It is right to study into the deep things of God. But there is the sphere of philosophy, and the sphere of life ; and the wisest man is always the practical philosopher ; the man who acts upon admitted facts ; whatever his philosophy. One of the peculiarities of the Ocean, are its mysterious currents : the Gulf Stream, for example. Where does it originate ? What controls its direction and temperature and force ? Here is an Oceanic river, mightier

than the Mississippi or the Amazon, whose movement is just as independent of its surroundings as though it flowed on the land; banked in by piles of earth. Here is the current which brought to Christopher Columbus his first actual tidings of the New World; which once carried the bodies of two men of an unknown race on the Western Continent to the Portuguese Islands off the Western shores of Africa, and which deposits upon the coasts of Iceland and Norway the trees and fruits of the torrid zone. A vessel is burned on the Island of Jamaica; its fragments are found on the coast of Scotland. They float on this Ocean River. The practical seaman, knowing of the existence of this current, knowing its rate of movement, knowing its direction, uses it as a great fact; gets his vessel into it, if it will help her progress to his place of destination; keeps his vessel out of it, if it will hinder her progress.

Christianity is a great fact in the world's life and movement: like the Gulf Stream, among the Ocean's currents. Starting at Bethlehem and Calvary, nay, from the throne of God, it flows around the world. Who that traverses the Ocean does not recognize the truth that the Gulf Stream exerts a great influence upon the inter-communication of the nations; upon international traffic? You say, you think it will be well with you hereafter, however you may carry yourself toward the Son of God. I might urge you to remember the exclusiveness of some of the Saviour's utterances: as, for example, "He that is not with me, is against me; and he that honoreth not the Son, honoreth not the Father that sent Him;" as well as some of the other utterances respecting Him; "that His name is the only name given under Heaven among men, whereby we must be

saved:" but I prefer, to-day, another method. I only urge you to adapt yourself to this great fact: "that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners." Take it as a fact, and come into relations to it. Even if a man could traverse the Ocean, independently of its great currents, here is the Gulf Stream, into which if he get his vessel, he is sure of help; he is sure of a warmer temperature; he is sure of a certain rate of progress toward his destination. On the supposition that out of Christ there is possible salvation for sinners, which I think the Bible expressly denies, is it not better, is it not wiser, to depend upon the method of salvation which has taken so many souls safely to Heaven, and which you are liberty to adopt? There are moral and spiritual forces which proceed from the Bible, and the God of the Bible; from the Gospels, and from Him who is the theme of the Gospels, which insure in us transformation of character, such as those who would enter Heaven, are taught that they must seek. There is a tide setting toward Heaven, on which if the voyager get, he will be borne thither, as upon the bosom of God's eternal purpose. For this is really what the doctrine of election means: God's eternal purpose in Christ Jesus to save those that believe.

There are men who make it their profession to violate natural laws. If God made man to walk on his feet, they want to walk on their heads. They begin when they are boys. If God intended man to keep his footing on terra firma, they want to go balancing themselves on tight ropes, across cataracts. They go diving down into great deeps, plunging headlong through impassable rapids, defying any and all the laws which God has enacted for man's guidance and safety. There is a wantonness of ex-

posure, which characterizes the way in which young people conduct themselves in the surf, and on board sailing vessels, which deserves to be publicly rebuked. Who that has ever found himself for the moment, baffled and bewildered by counter currents in the ocean ; has seen how easy it is for such mighty forces to tire him out, and sweep him panting to the beach, or bear him out beyond the reach of help, need be reminded of this ? If there is something admirable in the manner in which an old salt conducts himself with reference to the great forces with which he has to do, there is, also, something reprehensible in which people unfamiliar with the perils of the water, rush blindly into their abysses.

I stood, talking the other day, with one of my Bible class, at Deer Isle, as with a clam digger, a pronged hoe, he was turning out four or five small potatoes from each hill, on his little farm by the water side. There has been a great drought there. He was a man of few words. He said : " Let those talk who could. He could not. But, he felt it all the same, in his heart." For thirty-five years he had followed the sea ; for eleven years he had been upon that farm. Which did he like the best ? Why, there was more solid satisfaction on the farm. When he raised anything, he liked to see it on the table ; and see his children eating it. There was less trouble on land than on sea. Where did the trouble come from ? From men. You could not rely on them. If they got a little advance pay, they would leave you at the first port. Did he never get out of patience with the wind or the tide for being against him, or for setting his vessel on a ledge of rocks ? No, that was no use ! That was no use

There is no use in dashing one's head against God's

constitution of things. We can use this constitution of things for His glory, and for our own good. This is all He asks of us. He did not consult us, as to how it was wise to constitute material things. And the difference between people of different latitudes, in their habits of dress, of diet, in everything in which they are unlike; consists largely in their adapting themselves to God's constitution of material things around them. The Greenlander builds his house of ice; the Kamskatkan digs a hole in the earth for his; the inhabitant of the temperate zones has a structure suited to the climate where he dwells. God requires of us just the same adaptation to His moral law. Some of us think it would have been better for us; we should stand a better chance if we had the same probation Adam had. His nature was not fallen. No. But, did this prevent him from sin? You and I have the advantage of six thousand years of observation of the effect of this tendency to evil which we inherit. It is a tide, whose direction and rapidity of movement have been recorded in the lives of all those whose biographies are given in the Bible. When Americans travel East, they often don Oriental costume, because it seems better fitted to the exigencies of their situation. But, we need no Oriental costume in order to feel that the tendencies of such men as sinned in olden time, are just like our own. Adam and Eve sinned, just as we sin. David sinned as man sins now; so did Absalom. As face answers to face, in the water, so the heart of man to man. It is only wenh we confront such a statement, as that "Enoch walked with God, and was not, because God took him:" "Abraham was called the Friend of God:" "Thou shalt no longer be called Jacob, but Israel; because as a

prince hast thou power with God, and hast prevailed;" that we are staggered and bewildered. Here is a new force; a new tide setting the other way. There is a way, then, of breaking away from the old law of human nature, of trampling it under foot, and of securing establishment in a grace that is sufficient for walking with God; of being called the friend of God; of being a prince with God in prayer. It is just as much a law, a tendency, a power, if we accept of it, and are willing to be controlled by it, as the old law and tendency and power of our nature. Beside that, we know that God is in it, and therefore, victory is in it.

My brother, before you or I settle back and say that this moral economy, in which we find ourselves involved, is an ungracious and unmerciful one; is one in which we have no fair chance; is one which discriminates against us; let us remember this, that just as real as is our tendency to wander away from God, so real and far mightier is that power which draws us back to Him. And, that until we have yielded to this drawing of God's love, and found out what help is in it; until our souls have seen Jesus Christ lifted up, and experienced the truth of His prediction: "If I be lifted up, I will draw all men unto me," we are in no position to judge of the wisdom and love of this economy.

Think, again, that all that God requires of us in moral and spiritual things, is to do just what we here virtually do, in ordinary human life: to adapt ourselves to His known laws, to learn what He would have us to do, and how he would have us do it. For nineteen centuries there has been a tide of moral and spiritual influences setting toward God and toward Heaven, on which, if man em-

barks, he is sure at last to have that holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord. "Thou oughtest, therefore, to put my money to the exchangers, so that at my coming I should have received mine own with usury." It has been estimated that a drop of water in the Gulf Stream would take two years and ten months to return to the place of starting; that a boat, not acted on by the wind, would go from the Canaries to the coast of Caraccas in thirteen months; in forty or fifty days, that it would go from Florida to the banks of Newfoundland. Avail themselves of it or not, this great River of the Ocean still flows on. Whatever its origin, its philosophy, its flow is just as mighty, and just as helpful to the seamen. It does not need to be understood. It only needs to be used; to be confided in. It is just so with the Atonement.

"There is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins."

What William Cowper found in the Atonement, is there for you and for me. Cleansing power! Healing power! Transforming power! Inspiring power! It is the Gulf Stream of Salvation! It is the river which beautifies the earth, and makes glad the city of God! Shall we not embark our all upon it? "As many as receive Him, to them gives He power to become the sons of God!" Do we want anything better? Do we want anything else?

To-day I begin the labors of my fifteenth year as your pastor. I need not tell you how gladly: how sweet and holy the work looks to me; and how unworthy I feel to undertake it. I thank you for the long rest you have so thoughtfully granted me; for your undivided loyalty to each other, and to this Church; for all your

kindness to me and mine; for the warmth of your welcome, which I see in your presence, and read in your eyes. As I left you, the Angel of God touched one of your number and said "come up higher!" I seem to hear the echoes of the same message, uttered so recently to another, as I greet you again. Let it be the message of God Himself to you and to me. If there is a higher plane of Christian living, let us seek it. If there is a higher plane of Christian service, let us be found there. With the shadows of the other world falling upon us; nay, with the glories of the other world coming down to meet us; with the cry of this lost world ringing in our ears, let us say of every duty, of every opportunity, "Here am I, Lord, send me!"

X.

THE WITNESS WITHIN.

I JOHN, v. 10.—"He that believeth on the Son of God hath the witness in himself."

Faith makes us heirs of God; heirs of God, according to the New Testament of His love; signed with the sign of the Cross, and sealed in the blood of the Lamb. But how can we know that this testament is genuine? Where is it written, witnessed, recorded? Many a man makes a will that is stolen, or destroyed, or set aside after his death. Many a man is in confidential relations with partners, who enter into a conspiracy to rob his widow and his fatherless ones before yet the grass has become green over his sleeping dust. This, notwithstanding all the formalities and securities which are prescribed by law. And the world is full of those who would like to prove that God has made no will; that Christ Jesus has signed no will by which the believer may look for and claim life and immortality beyond the grave; who are trying to break this last will and testament of the living God, and cheat the heirs out of their legitimate inheritance. Indeed there is, in our day, a general onslaught upon it, from right hand and left; from the earth and the sea, and the air; from the firmament and the depths;

from physical scientists, who claim that the records of Nature cannot be reconcilable with the statements of the Bible; from antiquarians, who claim that the monuments in Egypt and Assyria cannot be harmonized with the alleged facts of Sacred History; from students of comparative religion, who pretend to find nothing in Christianity which has not its parallel in some phase or aspect of paganism; from moralists, who challenge the truth of the Bible, because of its incorrect decision of great moral problems, who claim that they are already lifted above the plane of the Bible; from socialists, who discover that nothing so stands in the way of their disorganizing progress as the Word of God, and even from learned Greek and Hebrew scholars, who decide the fate of a manuscript from a yoth or an iota, there or not there.

Meanwhile what resort has the poor believer? Not a scholar at all, save in the school of Christ, beset behind and before, and with the hand of the antagonists of his faith heavily upon him, what is left to him? Can it be that God has not put His last will and testament in some secure place, where his signature cannot be tampered with or erased? where the testimony of witnesses cannot be wrested or turned aside? where, whether there be a God, and whether Jesus Christ be the Son of God, and whether there be a propitiation for the sins of the world, and whether he that believeth on the Lord Jesus Christ shall be saved, does not depend upon discussions about Yahveh and Adhonai; about the records of the rocks and the records of the monuments; about the comparative value of heathenism and Christianity; about whether the civilization of modern times is on a higher plane than the civil-

ization of that Revelation from God which lifted it there?

The answer to these questions is in the text: "He that believeth on the Son of God hath the witness in himself." And the subject which I shall discuss is this:

THE WITNESS WITHIN.

Just as God writes His law upon the tablets of the soul, so Jesus Christ puts His last will and testament in the archives of the soul; puts there the proof of His divine Sonship; ay, also, of our divine sonship.

I. The inner man is just as real as the outer man. Every man has two selves. The self in which he is made in the image of God; can commune with God here; can hope for fellowship with God hereafter in the eternity which opens before him; the self in which lie all his religious capacities and susceptibilities. And the other self, through which the higher self acts as an inhabitant of this material world, whose fashion passes away; the duplicate personality in which he moves about among objects of sense; which insists upon asking the questions, "What shall we eat; and what shall we drink; and wherewithal shall we be clothed?"

Now, I say the inner self is just as real as the outer self. If you look at this self in its origin, being inbreathed from the lips of the Creator, if you look at this self, as to the dignity, the far-reaching results of the decisions which it is called upon daily to make; if you look at it as to the alternative destiny which is before it; blessing or cursing, life or death, heaven or hell, it is the reality of the two. The outer man is only the husk of the kernel, which the hand of death will strip off.

Here we are in the house of God. God has promised

to meet us here. He does meet us here. What part of us does He meet? Which self does He meet? He manifests himself to us, as He does not to the world. But how? The world has no sense of God as has the believer. We have to open the windows of our inner nature, and welcome His influences. We have to believe, in order to meet God. Within the outer ear there is the hearing ear; the ear to which is addressed that approach which is thus described: "Behold! I stand at the door, and knock?" the approach of the King immortal, invisible. He still walks among the golden candlesticks; He that liveth and was dead, and is alive forevermore. He knocks where? He knocks at the door of the inner man. There is the outer eye and the inner eye, which beholds the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world.

In our inner man we have correspondences with God and with eternity; just like the correspondences which, in our outer man, we have with the things of time and sense. Through the inner man we posit those, as through the outer man we posit these. There has often been expressed great regret that no portrait of the man Christ Jesus has ever come down to us; no description of Him, out of which an authentic portrait could be made, though Romanism professes to have such a portrait, and sells copies of it. But that is not all that is true. The descriptions of Him in the Bible relate to the inner man. "And the word was made flesh, and dwelt among us." It begins as though we might have a material description. But no; it goes on: "And we beheld His glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father; full of grace and truth." They beheld the beaming out of the things of

the inner man ; they beheld in Him the image of the Father.

At the International Exposition now open in Boston there is a painting which represents a beautiful young woman, a member of some religious order apparently, surrounded by Roman Catholic officials and masons with brick and mortar, who, with a scanty allowance of food, is about to be walled into a cell. It makes you almost shudder to look at it. The other day, in this city, the daily papers gave us an account of one who took the white veil, and became, as it was termed, a bride of heaven. The minute description reminded me of that picture, whether fiction or fact. Is it not strange that while the Lord Jesus became incarnate, came into flesh and blood, was born of a woman, took Himself out of His immediate celestial relations, and came into earthly ones, to show us how to live; we should think it following Him to immure ourselves away from those whose burdens we may help to bear ; to incarcerate ourselves away from our own flesh and blood ; to put brick walls and iron gratings between ourselves and God's sunlight, and God's pure air ? "And the word was made flesh and dwelt among us." These were the earthly conditions of the spirituality of the Man Christ Jesus ; not the monastery or the convent.

The very idea of a revelation from God implies this inner man. The biographies of the Bible, while they give us earthly localities and incidents, give all these things as incidentals. Biography is the history of a life, and the truest life of any creature bearing God's image is his inner life ; so that Bible biography is the only true biography until the Day of Judgment. It is the life of the inner man which

the Bible records ; the life of man in his relation to his conscience ; in relation to God ; in relation to the awards of the day of accounts. Enoch walked with God. He moved on with God, as God moves on his high affairs ; that is, he walked on those heights of spiritual life where God meets us, and walks with us. He kept the windows of his soul open toward the Jerusalem which is from above.

George Eliot has an essay on the poet Young, the author of "The Night Thoughts," which she ironically entitles, "Worldliness, or Other-Worldliness." The life of Enoch was worldly, respecting the other world, just as many of our lives are worldly respecting this world. And his life of other-worldliness pleased God, and God told him so. "For, before his translation, he had this testimony that he pleased God." In the last analysis, only that person pleases God whose inner life pleases Him. "Without faith it is impossible to please Him." Faith is the organ of the inner man ; the one spiritual sense which is the avenue of all those gifts and graces which come from God, the Father of spirits. Faith is the only organ by which we can approach the boarder lands which lie between earth and heaven. Enoch's walk with God was by faith. Faith brought him into society with God, into agreement with God, into fellowship with Him, took Him where God was and is forevermore.

There are some organic beings which have but one organ with many functions. They are in the lower organic forms of creation. But faith is the one organ by which the inner man keeps his hold on things not seen, and eternal; sees Him who is invisible, yes who cannot be seen; weighs things, which are else imponderable ; lays up things

which perish not with the using ; feeds on the Bread which comes down from heaven ; assimilates it, grows from it into God's likeness. We are to be judged by our works ; but works are no substitute for faith. Works that do not spring from faith are dead works ; are like the movement of the organs of one undergoing convulsions ; or of dead organs, momentarily galvanized. They will not enter into the estimate when we are judged. You cannot prove faith by dead works. Dead works only prove a dead man. It is the works of the inner man which are to justify us when we stand before God. Just as the brick walls, in which one is immured, cannot shut out the vision of this world ; the voices of this world ; ay, the appetites and desires of this world ; just as in the cell of the convent, the soul may be followed and flooded by things forbidden ; by thoughts and images, which are a temptation and a snare ; so, in this flesh and blood, in this framework of red earth, into which God breathed, and man became a living soul : the inner man may mount upon wings as an eagle ; the wings of God's ministers, that do His pleasure in glory ; may run and not be weary ; may walk and not faint. Abel and Enoch and Abraham ; Isaac and Sarah and Jacob and Joseph ; Moses and Joshua and Rahab ; Gideon and Barak and Samson and Jephthah ; and David and Samuel ; their biographies are the life of a soul, as Dr. Bushnell expresses it. They hang in the spiritual portrait galleries of the divine Artist.

The testimony of the inner man is just as reliable as the testimony of the outer man. There are events, which transpire in the life of the outer man, which are the subjects of record. When the stripling David went out to meet Goliath of Gath, he took his shepherd's sling and

five smooth stones from the brook. It was his armament of faith. But the outer man was involved in this act, as well as the inner man; and, when in the name of God of battles, whom Goliath had defied, he let one of those stones loose from his sling, it was the act of his wholesome, symmetrical outer man, as well as the act of his faith; the organ of his inner man. He was conscious that he flung that stone: but he was no less conscious that it was an act of faith. A man breaks his arm, or dislocates his limb. He knows that this casualty pertains to the outer man. He is conscious of it; as we say. Intelligence of this physical disturbance is communicated at once to what the ancients called the sensorium, the central office of the nervous system, where all reports of injury done to the outer man are made.

A man offends his conscience; is he not conscious of it? A man offends the God to whom His conscience corresponds; the God in whose hand his breath is; is he not conscious of it? When David met this earthly antagonist, it was face to face of the outward man; it was to try conclusions with him, in material prowess. And in the name of the God of battles, he got the victory. But when the same David, in later life, went down before a great temptation, when he brought dishonor upon the name of the God, in whose name he had won that other victory, think you there was no inward testimony to that disaster? Is the injury a man receives, when he sprains his ankle, at once telegraphed to the central office within, and the injury done to God's image within him, too impalpable to be a matter of record?

When Jacob lies down to sleep at Bethel, he is alone. During the watches of the night, angels descend from

Heaven on a ladder, at the foot of which is pillowed his head. At the summit of the ladder, stands one, who says, "I am the Lord God of Abraham, thy Father, and the God of Isaac; the land, whereon thou liest, to thee will I give it: and to thy seed; and thy seed shall be as the dust of the earth; and thou shalt spread abroad to the West, and to the East, and to the North, and to the South; and in thee and in thy seed, shall all the families of the earth be blessed. And behold I am with thee, and will keep thee in all places whither thou goest; and I will bring thee again into this land; for I will not leave thee, until I have done that, which I have spoken to thee of." Jacob awakes. He is still alone. Does he conclude that this, which his inner eye has seen; this pathway of glory, trodden by winged messengers; this message, which his inner ear has heard; is unreal? Of all that scene, nothing is left but the rocks, on one of which his head was pillowed, when this unexpected vision broke upon him. Nothing left, did I say? It is all left. Nothing is lost. All that is now seen is there. This is his first exclamation: "Surely, the Lord is in this place, and I knew it not. How dreadful is this place.' This is none other but the house of God; and this is the gate of Heaven!" And acting in that transaction of the night; that transaction addressed to his inner man; he converts the stone, on which his head was pillowed into an altar; anoints it with oil; calls the place the house of God; and enters into covenant with God, that He shall be his God.

Was that a real experience? Did Jacob see these angels ascending and descending? Did he hear those words, which seemed to come from the very lips of Jehovah Him-

self? Those who deny the supernatural; who do not know whether there be any God; who deny that the spirit of man can commune with the Spirit of God; who believe that we are wholly creatures of sense; and that even what pass among men for mental and spiritual processes, are really the result of certain physical conditions; as the clouds rise from earth's exhalations; have their ready explanation of this dream of Jacob. It is all accounted for from his physical condition and surroundings. He had just left his father's house; the presence of his mother. In a certain sense, he was an exile. He was very susceptible and tender. As he laid down to rest in his loneliness, he yearned for some token, that good fortune was before him. Perhaps, before falling asleep, he lay looking up into the clear sky over his head, and fell to building castles in the air. As his sight grew dim, the huge rocks, that lay piled up before him, seemed converted into a staircase; and soon, as he began to dream, there seemed to be angel visitors, flitting backward and forth, as from the open gateway of Heaven; and what the dreamer was fain to believe was in store for him, it was natural for him to attribute to the unseen Being, in whom he believed. If Jacob had met any other being but God, there would have been no doubt of the reality of the event. But that God, who has made man in His own image, has access to avenues, which lead into His spirit, does really come to him, and speak to him; does counsel and comfort him within, is a thing incredible. God has made men so they can speak to each other. We, who are fathers and mothers, can speak to our children; but God, who is the Father of our spirits; God, who has made man for His own glory, is a deaf-mute. He can

neither hear nor speak. The sign-language of nature is all there is for us and for him. This is the new religion, which we are urged to believe.

Turn now, for a moment, from the Old Dispensation to the New; from the patriarch Jacob, to the Apostle Paul. Centuries later, here comes a descendant of that dreamer at Bethel; of that Jacob, who said, "The Lord shall be my God!" He comes, breathing out threatenings, and slaughter against the little company of believers in Jesus. The time is ripe for a fulfillment of that promise to Jacob. "In thy seed all the families of the earth shall be blessed." And on the road to Damascus there is another coming together of the spirit of man and the Spirit of God. This is the Apostle's own account of it: "Whereupon as I went to Damascus, with authority and commission from the Chief Priest; at midday, O King, I saw in the way, a light from Heaven, above the brightness of the sun, shining round about me and them that journeyed with me. And when we were all fallen to the earth, I heard a voice speaking unto me, and saying in the Hebrew tongue, "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me? It is hard for thee to kick against the pricks." And I said, "Who art thou, Lord?" And he said, "I am Jesus, whom thou persecutest. But, rise, and stand upon thy feet. For I have appeared unto thee, for this purpose, to make thee a minister and a witness, both of those things which thou hast seen, and of those things, in the which I will appear unto thee."

This is at midday, upon the highway, and in the presence of witnesses, who, like St. Paul himself, are all stricken to the earth. And it is so real a thing, that it changes the whole direction of the Apostle's life. He is

not disobedient to the Heavenly vision. Was it likely that a Hebrew of the Hebrews, a Pharisee, one greatly honored of the highest Court of his nation; then under commission from this Court to arrest and bring to punishment the new converts to Christianity; was it a likely thing, that from a temporary hallucination, from a delusion which he practiced on himself, or the result of some physical disturbance, this revolution in character and life would take place? Is it not clear to any candid mind, that St. Paul believed that his call came directly from God? Did he not act as though this were the case?

In the experience of both Jacob and St. Paul, these supernatural interviews; these face-to-face communings with God, are the key to their after lives. Their lives are not intelligible, on any other principle, than that God met them as the Bible represents. It is the point of departure, to which they always refer. St. Paul always puts it into his experience; and God says to Jacob, when Laban's countenance is against him: "I am the God of Bethel, where thou anointedst a pillar, and vowedest a vow unto me."

III. Let us consider what is the testimony of the believer's inner man; what is the witness within? What is meant by the statement of the text, "He that believeth on the Son of God hath the witness in Himself."

In the context the discussion is respecting the divinity, the divine Sonship of the Lord Jesus Christ. And the first meaning of the passage is, that "He that believeth on the Son of God," hath in himself, the proof of Christ's divinity. You remember what the neighbors of the woman of Samaria said to her, after they had themselves heard Jesus preach: "Now, we believe, not because of

thy saying; for we have heard Him ourselves, and know that this is indeed the Christ, the Saviour of the world." The evil spirits recognized Jesus Christ as the Son of God; as their final Judge. They had an intuition, which testified of Him. This is the meaning of those words from two of them, whom He met coming out of the tombs, in the country of the Gergesenes: "What have we to do with thee, Jesus, thou Son of God? Art thou come hither to torment us before the time?" They knew His name; they knew His office. And every converted man, every man whose sins have been forgiven, has had experimental proof, proof within his own soul, that the Being, for whose sake he has been forgiven, is the Son of God. When Jesus said to the sick of palsy, "Son, thy sins be forgiven thee!" the Scribes took exception to it, saying, "Who can forgive sins but God only?" There was that passage in Isaiah: "I, even I, am He that blotteth out thy transgressions for my own sake." For the Son's sake and for the Father's sake. No man to whom the Son of God has ever said, "Son, thy sins be forgiven thee," can ever afterwards doubt His divinity. For every man thoroughly convinced of sin, believes with the Psalmist: "Against thee, thee only have I sinned, and done this evil in thy sight." He feels that his sins have all ended in God. They are of no earthly or finite interpretation. Nor can man nor angel absolve him; only God Himself.

The testimony to Christ's divinity is internal: is written within every forgiven soul. The chaos of the old nature has been broken up; and order prevails there. A voice has said within, "Let there be light!" and there is light. A voice has said, "Peace, be still;" and there is a great calm; like the going down of a storm. The for-

given soul is conscious of forgiveness; nay, rather he is conscious first of the Being who forgives; though of forgiveness, the name of Him, who has said, "Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out." This divine function of forgiveness, the Judge, the Son of Man, has already exercised within his soul. When, upon the Jewish Sabbath, the Saviour healed the man born blind, the Pharisees tried to silence his confession. They said, "Why, this man is a sinner; this man, we do not know whence he is." The reply was, "Whether he be a sinner or no, I know not; one thing I know, that whereas I was blind, now I see!" "Why, herein is a marvelous thing, that ye know not from whence He is; and yet, He hath opened mine eyes. Now, we know that God heareth not sinners; but, if any man be a worshipper of God, and doeth His will, him He heareth. Since the world began, was it not heard, that any man opened the eyes of one born blind. If this man were not of God, he could do nothing." He had experienced the Saviour's divine power.

Every lost man needs a divine Saviour. And when that Saviour, comes, yes, when He takes away his alienation from God, his restlessness, his relish for sin, his purpose to please himself; when He reveals the Almighty as merciful and gracious, though He will by no means clear the guilty; when he sheds abroad within his soul the Spirit of adoption, through whom he cries, "Abba, Father!" he cannot but recognize this divine Visitor; this Daysman, this Mediator between God and himself; this Lamb of God, wounded for our transgressions; bruised for our iniquities; upon whom the chastisement of our peace is laid; and with whose stripes we are

healed; this Lamb of God that takes away the sin of the world. Then let the scientists come and try to prove to him that there is nothing which cannot be cognized by the senses; that the supernatural is an impossibility; let the antiquarians come, and from inscriptions on tablets and monuments, let them try to disturb his faith in these divine oracles; let the man learned in the sacred books of the heathen come with their wise sayings, which, as they claim, antedate or eclipse the wisdom of his Master; ay, let the moralists and the socialists, and the representatives of the higher criticism, who test the Bible, as a man would test a chest of tea, by taking up a pinch of it between his thumb and finger; ay, let them all come, with their array of arguments and difficulties. He has his Father's will hid in the archives of his own soul. It does not shake his faith in the least. The Spirit of God has spoken a word to him, that he never can forget. Faith on the Son of God has united him to Him, who died on Calvary indeed, but who is alive forevermore! And just as Jacob looked back to that Bethel, where Heaven came down to meet him; and St. Paul to that highway to Damascus, where Jesus met Him; this man, this believer has within him a witness, a testimony to the power of the Son of God, to forgive sin, which, though heaven and earth pass away, he can never lose. He has experienced it. He has found out, by personal trial, by personal faith, what there is for him in the Son of God.

There is an abstract, a philosophical way of looking at God, as in general, our Father; as in general not willing that we should perish; there is a way of partly leaning on His promises, and partly leaning on our own philosophy; which is not rewarded by the witness within; the

testimony within, that Jesus Christ is the Son of God; or by that which is an inference from it, namely, that since this Saviour of ours is thus divine, we have a right to be called the sons of God. This testimony varies in different believers. It varies in the same believer at different times. For the liveliness of it depends upon our Christian character; depends upon our closeness of walk with God.

"He that believeth on the Son of God hath the witness in himself." There is an entire surrender of self; body, soul and spirit to God; there is a life, hid with Christ in God; there is a living, moving and breathing in God, to which there is the answering consciousness, that we are accepted in the Father's Beloved One. God's ministry to us, through angels has ceased. They no longer descend to us, as on a ladder of light. In these last days, God has spoken unto us by His Son. He spoke thus to Saul of Tarsus. He speaks thus, to you and me. If any man hear His voice and will open the door, He will come in and sup with him. And where this blessed Guest shall sup, in that soul, He shall be the witness that one is the son of God.

Oft I've heard a voice within,
Gently chiding me for sin;
Saying early, saying late:
"Lo! I'm knocking at the gate!
I the Man at Bethl'em born,
I the Man, with crown of thorn;
Waiting for one word from thee:
"Ingredere, Domine!"

To this voice, what shall I say?
Shall I turn from it away?
Shall I say, again, depart,

Shutting up my close-barred heart?
It is He, who gives me breath!
He for me who tasted death;
Waiting for one word from me?
"Ingredere, Domine!"

Enter, Master! Hear the word!
Long thy voice I've silent heard.
Stand no more without my soul;
Purify and make it whole:
Be, henceforth the witness there,
That thy Father's love I share:
Sup with me, and I with thee:
"Ingredere, Domine!"

Enter, Master, hear the word;
For thy love my soul has stirred;
As on chaos and old night,
Speak the words: "Let there be light!"
To my storm and strength of will,
Say, again, thou: "Peace, be still!"
This, thy realm; its sovereign be:
"Ingredere, Domine!"

XI.

MARTIN LUTHER.

2 KINGS, XIII, 21.—"And it came to pass, as they were burying a man, that behold they spied a band of men, and they cast the man into the sepulchre of Elisha; and when the man was let down and touched the bones of Elisha, he revived and stood upon his feet."

There is more life in the dead bones of some men than in the living flesh and blood of others; nay, there is more life in their dead bones than in their own living flesh and blood. Martin Luther is a thousand fold mightier to-day than ever before. He lived among men only sixty-three years. This lifetime of his was the fulcrum on which he rested his lever when he moved the world. Between his birth at Eisleben, at midnight, Nov. 10th, 1483, and his death, at the same Eisleben, at midnight, Feb. 18th, 1546, were crowded words and deeds which will grow greener with immortality; which will make his name more fragrant till time shall be no more.

This celebration of the four hundredth anniversary of his birth, which belts Christendom; why does it stir men so? What does it mean? We touch again the dead bones of this German Elisha. The world revives, and stands upon its feet. It means that what Luther said and did has entered into the life of the Christian Church of every denomination in all ages; in all climes. This

German Elisha? This Elisha of humanity. It is four hundred years this very November the 10th since Luther was born; accidentally born, as men talk, in Saxony.

"Strange enough to reflect on it," says Thomas Carlyle, "this poor Frau Luther had gone with her husband Hans to Eisleben Winter Fair to make her small merchandisings, perhaps to sell the lock of yarn she had been spinning, to buy the small winter necessaries for her narrow hut or household. In the whole world that day there was not a more entirely unimportant looking pair of people than this miner and his wife. And yet, what were all emperors, popes, and potentates in comparison? There was born here, amid the tumult of this scene, a mighty man, whose light was to flame as a beacon over long centuries and epochs of the world. The whole world and its history was waiting for this man. It is strange; it is great. It leads us back to another birth hour, in a still meaner environment, eighteen hundred years ago, of which it is fit that we say nothing; that we think only in silence. For what words are there? The ages of miracles past! The age of miracles is forever here."

MARTIN LUTHER—THE HIDING OF HIS POWER, AND THE DEBT WE OWE HIM.

I. What was the hiding of this man's power? Alone, he was pitted against the mightiest antagonist man ever encountered, and he not only conquered, but he introduced the principle of his victory into all the future. When he was born, the Romish Church covered one-quarter of the earth's surface; the other three-quarters were occupied by Pagans and Mohammedans. To-day,

four hundred years later, the principles of the Reformation are to Romanism as fourteen is to nine. That is, fourteen millions of square miles of the earth's surface are dominated by the principles of Religious Freedom, as represented by Martin Luther, against nine millions dominated by the system which he confronted. But that is not all. The nations which stand in the forefront of the world's onward movement ; that have introduced the principles of civil and religious freedom into their constitutions ; that are distinguished for advance in thought, in the arts and sciences ; that go on from conquering to conquer ; such as England, Germany, the United States ; these nations are Protestant.

1. Martin Luther was a sincere man. There is a great deal said about sincerity that is a delusion ; as though a sincere belief of error were just as good as a sincere belief of truth. But the worse the error believed, the more dangerous the sincerity. The advantage of sincerity is this : that God is in covenant with it ; that a sincere man is going to be led by God's hand into larger views of the truth, and larger opportunities of duty. Doubtless Martin Luther was just as sincere, when he was climbing on his knees up Pilate's Staircase in Rome, as when he nailed the 95 theses to the church door at Wittemberg. He only had that dim light in which to walk "The meek will He guide in judgment ; the meek will He teach His way." And the voice that came to him as he was there upon his knees was proof that God recognized his sincerity. The climbing of that staircase was between the monk's cell and the pulpit of the Reformer. It was the act of a sincere man. And so was his rising from his knees at the words : "The just shall live by faith."

I heard Father Hecker, of New York, lecture once on Martin Luther. It was in the city of Boston. Many of his hearers were Protestants, and he adopted this ingenious, somewhat Jesuitical, method of treating the subject. He admitted that the Roman Catholic Church in Luther's time needed reformation. He claimed that it was ready for reformation. And he complained of Luther for not staying in it, and reforming it from within. Doubtless Luther intended just this. He was too quiet and humble a man to intend anything more. But he found it impossible, and he was too sincere a man not to see it. Jonah might as well have tried to reform the stomach of the whale. Every step Luther took was the step of a sincere man. He went forward step by step as he got new light. It was being brought face to face with death and the judgment, as he was, by he stroke of lightning which smote down his friend Alexis at his side, that decided him to adopt a religious life. His father, who had destined him to the law, plead with him in vain. Hans Luther did not want his boy to become a lazy, do-nothing priest. That Erfurth University Library had a book which Luther had never seen, and this is the way God brought him to that book. Vigils, masses, convent life do not give him rest. That Latin Bible, which has nothing to say about such things, which deals with far other things ; that Latin Bible, neglected by all the rest, but simply the Bread of Life to him; the heart of God in it. He soon gets at the heart of God in it. In Luther's stay in the University and Convent at Erfurth I find only this : God's method of bringing a sincere man, a meek and humble man, who wanted nothing but God ; who wanted only to be assured of the forgiveness of his sins in God's way ; a great childlike nature,

hungering for righteousness; God's method of bringing this Augustine monk into citizenship in His Kingdom.

It is a true theory that that which is wisdom for a man in his relation to God, is always wisdom for him in his relation to man. It was Luther's restlessness respecting his own spiritual state and destiny; it was his determination to be at peace with God on the only basis of peace could he but find it; that made him the great man that he was; that introduced him to the grand role which God had prepared for him. He sought first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things were added to him. At the age of 22 he took his degree of Master of Arts at the University of Erfurth, then the most celebrated in Germany. D'Aubigne says it was a most magnificent festival. A procession by torchlight came forth to do him honor. But he turned away from all preferment in this direction, to do the yeoman's work which God had for him to do. The highest seat in the civil courts of his native land; reputation for learning and wisdom; suppose these were at his command; what were they compared with what came to him, because he only went forward, doing the next thing which God gave him to do? It is a lesson for every young man who wants success in life.

2. Luther was an independent man. There are some men made so that they can stand alone like an obelisk. It was not a desirable controversy, that with the Pope of Rome. Well might Luther even dread it; draw back from it. How many years had it been since John Huss had been burned at the stake singing Kyrie Eleison? In 1415. Yes, the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church. But sometimes the soil of the church needs

breaking up, in order to catch the seed, and here was the plowman. The time had come when the church more needed the life and the brave words of a martyr than his blood. Some one must arise who had the courage to resist the authority of the church; to confront the arguments of the church; to explode the fallacies of the church; to put the Bible into the language of the people. There are many men who are sincere that are not independent. They cannot stand the shock of opposition. They have to consult their contemporaries; their circumstances; the probable result of their decisions. They form an opinion, and then submit it to the judgment of others, to see whether it is wise or not. Luther could stand alone.

At Naumburg, on his way to the Diet of Worms, a priest met him with a portrait of Jerome Savonarola, who was burned at the stake in 1498, when Luther was fifteen years old, as if to intimate that such would be his fate. "It is Satan," said Luther, "that would prevent by these terrors the confession of the truth in the assembly of princes, for he foresees the blow it would inflict on his kingdom." Crowds came out to meet him; to look at the man who was going into the lion's mouth. "Ah," said some, "there are so many bishops and cardinals at Worms; they will burn you, and reduce your body to ashes as they did with John Huss." This was Luther's answer: "Though they should kindle a fire all the way from Worms to Wittemberg, the flames of which reached to Heaven, I would walk through it in the name of the Lord Jesus. I would appear before them. I would enter the jaws of this Behemoth, and break his teeth, confessing the Lord Jesus Christ." Then came the caution of

his best friend, Shalatin, who already apprehended that the safe-conduct given to Luther would not be kept sacred. "Do not enter Worms." But Luther turned to the messenger and said: "Go and tell your master that even should there be as many devils in Worms as tiles on the house-tops, still I would enter it." And then in that memorable assembly where, first in German and then in Latin, he has made his defense, and is asked by the Chancellor of Treves, "Will you, or will you not retract?" this is his reply: "I cannot, and will not retract. Hier stehe ich; ich kann nich anders; Gott helfe mir. Amen." "Here I stand; I can do no other; may God help me. Amen."

Here was the turning-point in Luther's career, say some. No, it was no turning-point, but only another step forward of this sincere man, seeking to know and do the will of God. Says D'Aubigne: "Firm as a rock, the waves of human power dashed ineffectually against him. The strength of his words, his bold bearing, his piercing eyes, the unshaken firmness legible in the rough outlines of his truly German features, had produced the deepest impression on this illustrious assembly. There was no longer any hope. The monk had vanquished those great ones of the earth. He had said No, to the church and to the empire."

3. Luther's power was hid in God. D'Aubigne has said, "Perhaps Luther was the only man that felt tranquil at Worms." It was because he was nearest to God. God was tranquil. He got his tranquility not from that grand nature of his, craggy and deep-rooted, like a mountain; not from his native courage and independence, though he was wonderfully constituted in these respects.

His peace was the peace of God, that passeth all understanding. Just listen to his prayer the morning of April 18th, for, his sun that morning rose behind a cloud: "My God, art Thou dead? No, Thou canst not die. Thou hidest Thyself only. Thou hast chosen me for this work, I know it well. Act, then, Oh God. Stand by my side, for the sake of Thy well-beloved Jesus Christ, who is my Defence, my Shield, my strong Tower!" After a moment of silent struggle, he goes on: "Lord, where stayest Thou? Oh, my God, where art Thou? Come, come, I am ready. I am ready to lay down my life for Thy truth, patient as a lamb. For it is the cause of justice; it is Thine. I will never separate myself from Thee; neither now, nor through eternity. And though the world should be full of devils, and though my body, which is still the work of Thy hands, should be slain, should be stretched on the pavement, be cut to pieces, reduced to ashes, my soul is Thine. Yes, I have the assurance of Thy Word. My soul belongs to Thee. It shall abide forever with Thee. Amen. Oh, God, help me. Amen."

Though Luther was an independent man, this shows us that his dependence was upon God. His talk about a fire kindled from Worms to Wittemberg; about devils thick as tiles upon the house-tops; was not the offspring of his sturdy animal nature; of his carnal spirit of antagonism, though he says he was at his best when he was angry. It was because he lost himself in God. Reviewing these events, said Luther a few days before his death, "I was then undaunted. I feared nothing. God can indeed render a man intrepid at any time. But I know not whether I should now have so much liberty and joy."

There are men called independent who are not so. They want a party behind them ; somebody to stand by and cheer them on. No man can be utterly and wholly independent who is not in solemn league with the only Being in the universe who is independent. Luther believed that God knew His own affairs, and knew Luther's affairs as well. What was the Pope to God? What was the Emperor? What were legions of high ecclesiastics? He waited two long hours without the hall at Worms, among the crowd, that were dashing around him like the tumult of the great seas. As alone in that august assemblage, future generations looking on, he gave his answer to the Pope's representatives, he thought of no being but God ; he leaned upon no being but God. Had he been different ; less trustful, less brave, less himself, less alone with God, how it would have marred all the future ; our future, as well as his.

Luther, then, was a sincere man. What he wanted to know was the truth. His soul's eye turned to that as the needle to the pole. When he found it, he would be loyal to it. He was an independent man. If the truth took him to Worms, and if beyond Worms was the stake, as to John Huss and Savanarola, he knew no other way. It was the beckoning of God. For Luther was a man of God, a man whom God raised up and anointed, and put forward to do something for which humanity was waiting. This is the secret of the man. The test of a man is always moral ; what he is, and what he does as to conscience, as to God. Ten thousand other things may be said of this Luther. But they are all incidents. They are all like the floating objects which a mighty current takes up and bears on its boson seaward. He was a stu-

dent of the Bible, a theologian, a poet, a musician ; he had grand proportions, and would have been Martin Luther anywhere. But what determined Luther's life-work was that God was with him. This shaped all his movements. This dignified the commonplace things of his life. This softened and sweetened and glorified his work. And this is why four centuries, in their descendants, rise up and call him blessed.

II. Let us consider the debt we owe him ; more especially as to religious freedom. No man can be such a man as Luther was without bringing future generations in debt to him. There has not a man been born upon the face of the earth since the days of Luther who has not owed him a debt ; a personal debt. St. Paul said he was a debtor to all men. By that very law all men were debtors to him. It was a strange incident this which one historian records. It took place as Luther entered the city of Worms. "On a sudden, a man dressed in a singular costume, and bearing a large cross, such as is employed in funeral processions, made way through the crowd, advanced toward Luther, and then with a loud voice, and in that plaintive, measured tone in which mass is said for the repose of the soul, he sang these words, as if he were uttering them from the abode of the dead :

'Advenisti, O desiderabilis !
'Quem expectabamus in tenebris,'

"It was the court fool of one of the dukes of Bavaria. But the shouts of the multitude soon drowned the De Profundis of the cross-bearer. Quite another welcome, and yet in the same words, has all humanity extended him : 'Thou hast come, oh desired one, whom in our darkness, we were awaiting ! ' "

1. Luther stood, in the first place, for the right of private judgment, as against all superior authority. The Papal Church said, think what I think, or stop thinking. This is what Luther answered to the Chancellor of Treves, the counsellor of the Diet of Worms, when asked if he would retract: "Since your most serene majesty, and your mighty highnesses require from me a clear, simple, and precise answer, I will give you one, and it is this: I cannot submit my faith, either to the Pope or the Councils, because it is clear as the day that they have frequently erred and contradicted each other." A man's faith is the most individual thing, the most sacred thing he has. There is no greater affront which you can offer him than to say, "I accord you liberty to dress as you please, to eat what you please, and drink what you please, but when you come to your relations to God the Father of your spirit, and to Jesus Christ, the Judge of the quick and the dead, you must believe just which I tell you." This was the position of the Romish Church then, and she was then the Church of Christendom.

I believe in creeds in religion just as I believe in rules in mathematics; just as I believe in rock-ribs in a mountain, or bone-ribs in a man; as the formulated statement of principles, and as of value according as they contain the truth. There is a great deal of bugbear talk in these days about creeds, with which I have no sympathy. There is no sense in it. A man who believes nothing is nobody. A man who does not know what he believes, is next to nobody. Luther did not reject the dicta of Pope and Councils because he had no faith, but because he had faith. The right of private judgment? Yes, of private judgment, as of a man who has not to give account of

himself to man, to church, but to God. Men err, bodies of men err, men progress in their interpretation of the truth, and men backslide into error. Besides, if a man makes a mistake here, no man can take the penalty, the disability, but himself; no Pope, no church. It is an awful thing, the responsibility, which some religious teachers assume, that of dictating just what their followers shall believe. As though they could guarantee that, believing this, their eternity is secure. The late Hon. E. B. French told me of a friend of his who, to his surprise, became a Roman Catholic. When asked the reason, the answer was: "Why, I had no time to give to such matters. They told me I had only to assent to such and such things, to pay such and such sums of money, and it would be all right with me." Think of it; the awful guarantee that mortals undertake to give, that if a man take unquestioned what the church prescribes, his soul is safe; he can stand in God's great day; she has a diploma for that!

"No," says Martin Luther, "she has no such diploma; that is quackery, and I will expose it. Truth is not a bolus to be put up in pill-boxes, and passed out by the church to apothecary bishops, and administered by doctor priests to the sick people. Truth is something between every man's soul and his Creator, the Father of truth. Truth for me, Martin Luther, is what I have found out to be true, as between my soul and God; what my soul needs to comfort and inspire it; what it eats, and I live. God has not left the test of the truth with majorities; with establishments. God has given to me, Martin Luther, eyes of my own, and I see; a mind of my own, and I think; a tongue of my own, and I speak; a pen

of my own, and I write. Popes! What they have believed or not believed, they must stand or fall for this to their own Master; I to mine."

I admit that religious liberty may run mad; that in matters of religion, people may do just what Paris did, when, in the name of Liberty and Equality, she drank herself drunk with the blood of her own citizens; having rejected the authority of kings, she came at last to despise all authority, even that of Liberty itself. I can see an exact analogy between Ingersollism and Red Republicanism. But for all that I say, "Let man be free, and give an account to God for the use he makes of his freedom." Some men maim themselves, take their own lives, take the lives of other men. Shall we put all men into straight-jackets and give them a keeper for this?

2. Luther stood for the Word of God as the only infallible rule in religious thought and life. The Word of God, the Bible. He, that great hungry-hearted soul; he lived to be twenty years old before he ever saw one. "One day," says D'Aubigne, "he had then been two years at Erfurth, and was twenty years old, he opens many books in the library to learn their author's names. One volume that he comes to, attracts his attention. He has never till this hour seen its like. He reads the title; it is a Bible, a rare book, unknown in those times. His interest is greatly excited. He is filled with astonishment at finding other matters than those fragments of the gospels and the epistles, that the church has selected to be read to the people during public worship, every Sunday throughout the year. Until this day he imagined that they composed the whole of the Word of God."

There are two things a man wants, in order to get at

religious truth. One is the right of private judgment, and the other is some infallible, some perfect standard of truth, with which to compare his own thoughts. As against the Pope, as against Councils, Luther's dictum was like any other man's. But with the Word of God behind him, his dictum ceased to be his own, and became God's. So he goes on, in his reply to the Chancellor of Treves: "Unless, therefore, I am convinced by the testimony of Scripture, or by the clearest reasoning, unless they thus render my conscience bound by the Word of God, I cannot, and I will not retract; for it is unsafe for a Christian to speak against his conscience."

Freedom of thought under the guidance of God's holy Word is one thing; freedom of thought irrespective of God's holy Word is wholly another. One makes an intelligent Christian, the other makes a free thinker. The Bible is no more a revelation of God than is creation. God has put His thoughts into His works; this is creation. He has put His thoughts into human language; this is revelation. The man who undertakes to form a Kosmos for himself without studying God's works, is no greater simpleton than he who undertakes to form a system of religious belief without the Bible. And he is just as competent to do the one as the other. There was a time when astronomy was the science of conjecture and speculation; and there was no change for the better till men would study the facts of the case; the great systems of worlds, not as men conceived them to move in space, but as they actually moved there; as the telescope and the mathematician revealed them. In Luther's time men were taught a system of religious belief as far from the truth as astrology is from astronomy. It was an outrageous

travesty upon the truth. What Luther did was to take the grand moral Kosmos of the Bible, and set it again as a firmament over men's heads and lives, that they might look up into it and find inspiration and peace. For the soul of man without the Bible, is like the earth without the stooping skies.

There is nothing more Providential in the life of Luther than his forcible, but friendly, seizure and confinement in the Castle of Wartburg. There he was a prisoner, and yet getting ready for his great battles. He wanted to give Germany the Word of God in its own language. There he was safe, there he had leisure. The whole nation were groping for light, just as he was, when by accident he encountered the Bible in the Erfurth University; and when he had given Germany the Bible the Reformation was established. The Roman Catholic Church has always been afraid of the Bible in the hands of the people. It is so to-day. The Bible makes some of its doctrines, just as puerile and ridiculous as the facts of physical science make the old astrology and chemistry of that period.

Doubtless men make mistakes in the interpretation of the Bible; go off into extravagances; put things into the Bible which the Holy Spirit never wrote there. But better so, ten thousand times, than that the people have no Bible. As against the errors of doctrine and of practice, which fallible men are sure to bring into a religious system, the people have no protection but their own personal study of the Bible. We see in our day men gravely arguing for the restoration into the Christian system of a kind of Protestant purgatory, an illustration of the attempt to read into the Bible a dogma of the middle ages.

And there is nothing which makes it surer that they will fail than the fact that the people are studying the Bible.

3. Luther stood for faith against works, as the ground of salvation.

The sale of indulgences to commit sin, Tetzel's mission, was legitimate on the theory of salvation by works. If a man, having sinned, could be released from sin's penalty by the payment of certain penances; by the payment of certain gifts into the treasury of the church; by going upon certain pilgrimages; why might he not make advance-payment before committing the sin? Luther's climbing of that Pilate's Staircase was on the principle of Tetzel's sales. It was proposed to him thus: "Here, Martin Luther, make your way up those stairs on your knees, and the Pope grants you beforehand certain indulgences." Tetzel only said to the people: "Here, you people, pay me so much money, and I forgive you beforehand." He only sold the Pope's indulgences, instead of the Pope's absolvo te.

Says the historian: "Luther was seated one day in the confessional at Wittemberg. Many of the townspeople came successively and confessed that they were guilty of great excesses. Adultery, licentiousness, usury, ill-gotten gains; such are the crimes acknowledged to the minister of the Word by the souls of which he will have one day to give account. He reprimands, corrects, instructs. But what is his astonishment when these individuals reply that they will not abandon their sins, appealing to their letters of indulgence!" You tell me Martin Luther attacked the Roman Catholic Church? This man Tetzel, the commissioner of the Pope, the Pope's pedler of indulgence-wares, comes into the fold of which Martin

Luther is the guardian and keeper, under God Himself, and attempts to destroy the souls committed to his charge; to buy and sell under his very eye. Luther only stood for his flock. He only plucked those sheep that Tetzel was fleecing out of the mouth of that wolf which sat upon the seven hills of Rome.

No doubt works have to do with salvation. They have the same relation to it that fruit has to the life of a tree. They spring from its life; they prove that it has life. But the works which the Roman Catholic Church then encouraged were dead works. Luther had tried them in convent life; the hair shirt, flagellations, fastings. They did not answer the purpose. He found something better. And this is his confession on that point: "Well, then, I, Dr. Martin Luther, unworthy herald of the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ, confess this article, that faith alone without works justifies before God, and I declare that it shall stand and remain forever in despite of the Emperor of the Romans, the Emperor of the Turks, the Emperor of the Tartars, the Emperor of the Persians; in spite of the Pope and all the cardinals, with the bishops, priests, monks, and nuns; in spite of kings, princes and nobles; and in spite of all the world and of devils themselves; and that, if they endeavor to fight against this truth, they will draw the fires of hell upon their heads. This is the true and holy Gospel, and the declaration of me, Dr. Luther, according to the teaching of the Holy Ghost." And little as it might be expected, Luther made this discovery in Rome. It flashed in upon his soul, as light from the very throne of God. And he went so far in his revulsion from the doctrine of salvation by works, as to doubt the authenticity of the Epistle of St. James; which is but the

complement to St. Paul's discussion of the doctrine of salvation by faith.

4. Luther stood for the family as an institution from God; as divine, as worthy the approval of the Creator.

The doctrine of the celibacy of the clergy, is one of the corrupting influences of Romanism. Take D'Aubigne's picture of that period: "Domestic peace and conjugal fidelity, these surest foundations of happiness here below, were continually disturbed in town and country, by the gross passions of priests and monks. They took advantage of the access allowed them into every family, and sometimes even, of the confidence of the confessional, to instill a deadly poison into the souls of their penitents; and to satisfy their guilty desires. The Reformation, by abolishing the celibacy of the Ecclesiastics, restored the sanctity of the conjugal state. The marriage of the clergy put an end to an immense number of secret crimes. The reformers became the model of their flocks, in the most intimate and important relations of life; and the people were not slow in rejoicing to see the ministers of religion once more husbands and fathers."

All this talk of celibacy as holier, as more acceptable to God, and especially far more suitable to clergymen, is of man and not of God. All monasteries and nunneries are founded upon this theory; that marriage, paternity and maternity, domestic affection, filial affection, the training of children; the offices of social neighborhood; the discharge of the functions of Christian citizenship; are inconsistent with the highest type of Christian character. "If this monk should marry," said his friend, lawyer Schurff, "he will make all the world and the devil himself burst with laughter, and will destroy the work

that he has begun." "It is incest," exclaimed Henry the VIII, who married six wives, divorcing and beheading them to suit his convenience. But, the monk did marry, and married a nun, and this is what he says about it: "The best gift of God is a pious and amiable wife, who fears God and loves her family; with whom a man may live in peace, and in whom he may safely confide." And this was, doubtless, his picture of his Ketha, or his Lord Ketha, as he sometimes playfully called her. The historian gives us a portrait of her, sitting by the side of her husband in his weariness; cheering him with passages from the Word of God; working his likeness in embroidery; and amusing him with the childlike simplicity of her questions. His own letters to her overflow with the greatest tenderness. From the stormy scenes of the Reformation, it is delightful to think of this great-hearted man, seated amid that circle of children, which soon clustered around him; employing himself with music, of which he was so fond; under his own vine and fig-tree, overshadowed by the wings of the God in whom he trusted. There was tempest without; there was peace within.

My brothers, you and I are not Lutherans, are not Germans. But we cannot afford to be anything but Lutherans and Germans, to-day. We should be unworthy to be classed as descendants of the Pilgrims, as intelligent Americans, did we forget the memory of Martin Luther. He fought our battles for us. And not till it reached the Mother Country, not till it reached our own Free Republic, did the Reformation have the scope and verge it needed. Luther is dead and buried, but his soul is marching on. Reformation is done for all

time to come. Pope's indulgences, Pope's bulls, Luther exploded them forever. They never can come back, so long as Luther is remembered. The right of private judgment; the right of every man to have his own Bible; to read and interpret for himself; the dogma of salvation by faith; these doctrines he stood for, so heroically, as to put men in debt to him, till time shall be no more.

"Like a mighty army, moves the church of God!
Brothers, we are treading where the saints have trod;
We are not divided, all one body we;
One in hope and doctrine, one in charity.
Crowns and thrones may perish, Kingdoms rise and wane
But the church of Jesus, constant will remain;
Gates of hell can never 'gainst that church prevail,
We have Christ's own promise, and that cannot fail."

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